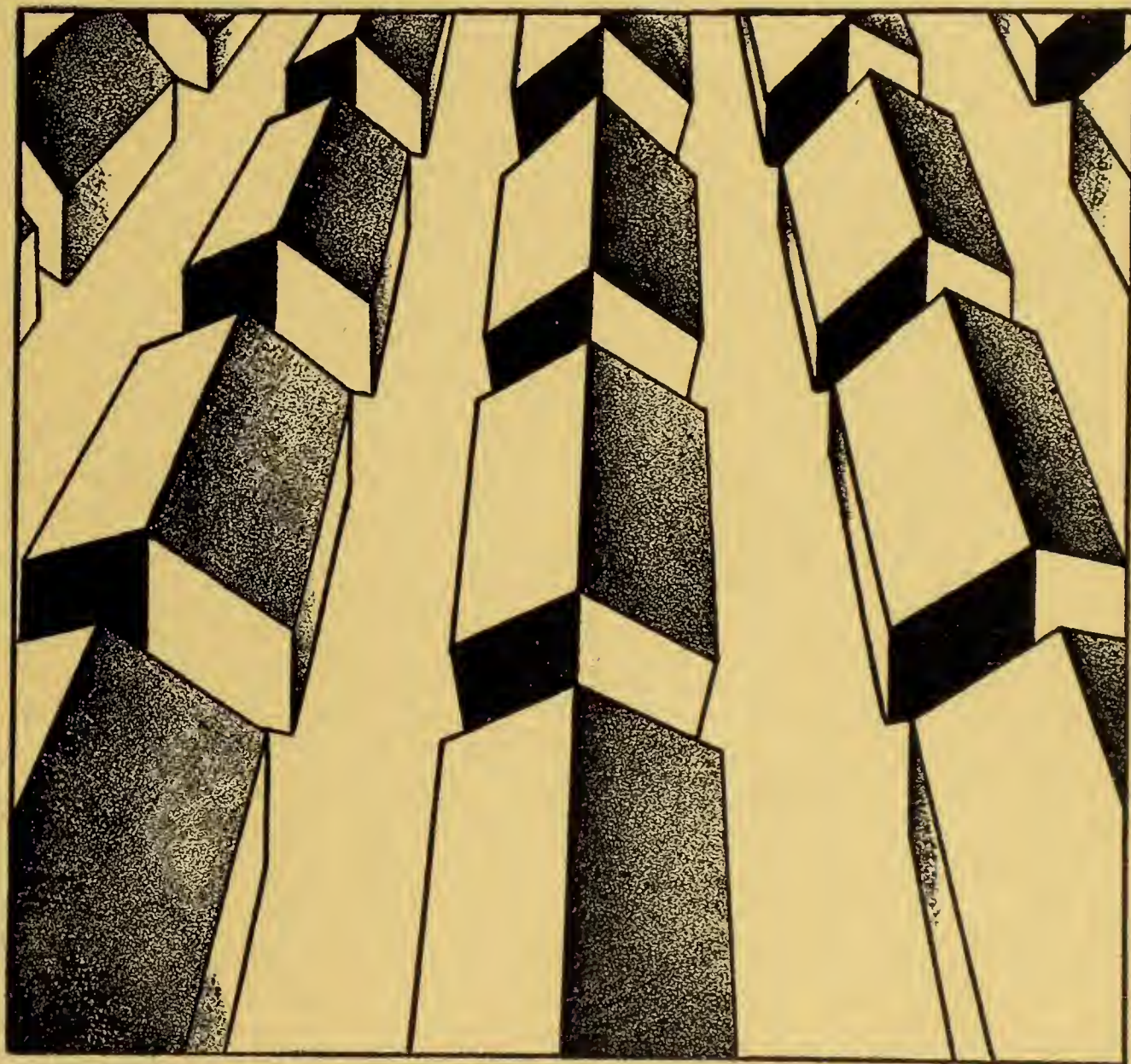


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# CARFIELD CLEANER



JUNE 1934



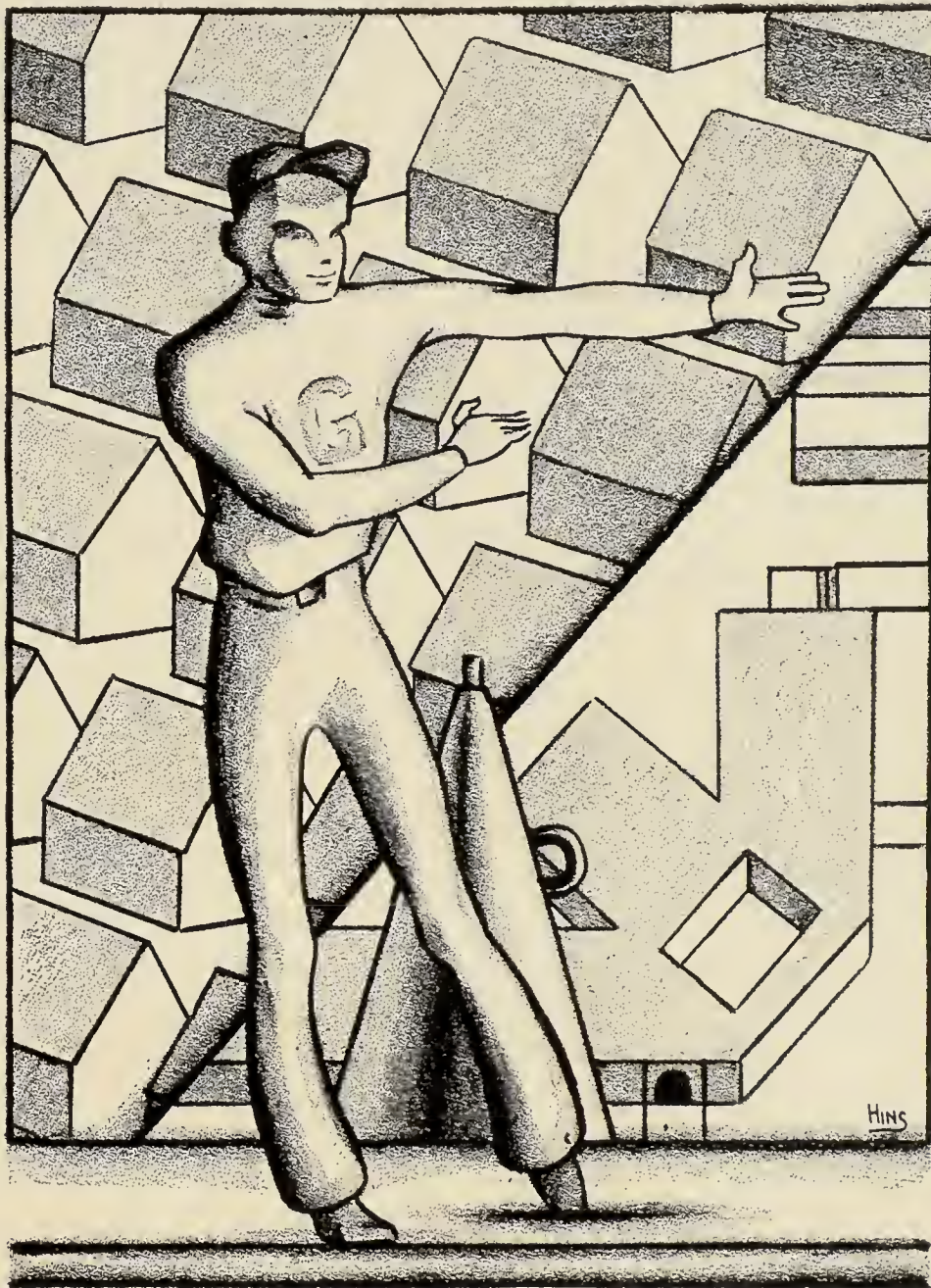




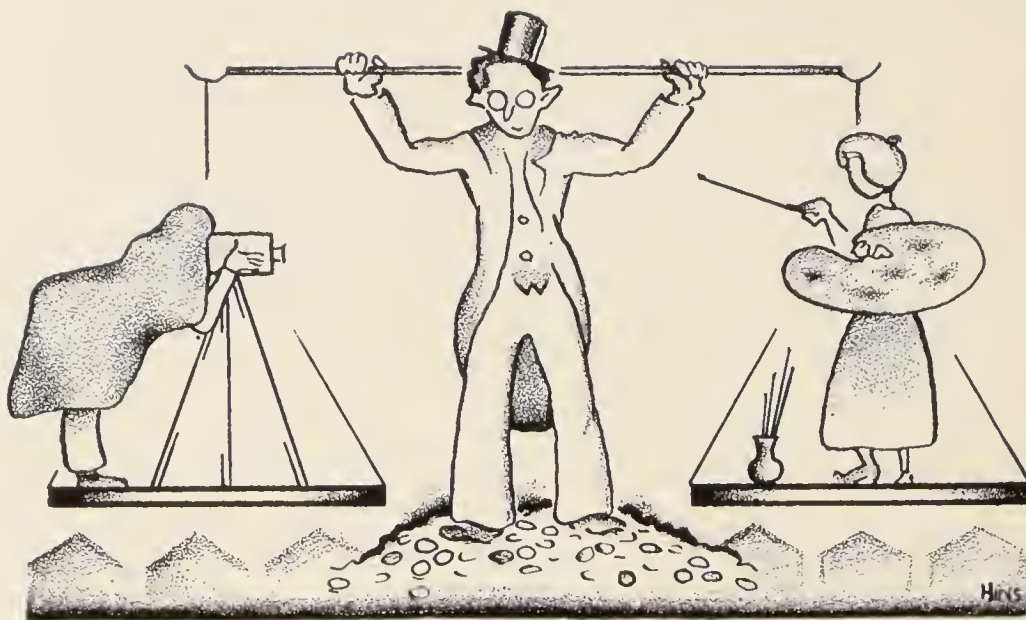
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# **GARFIELD GLEANER**



**GARFIELD JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA  
JUNE, 1934 \ \**



## DEDICATION

*To*

MISS GLADYS COLLAR

who has been the kind and inspirational mentor of our Art Staff in the illustration and decoration of these pages

*To*

MR. SAMUEL HUGHES

to whom we owe so much for the skill and patience which have provided the individual and group pictures here reproduced

*And to*

MR. FRED BOEHNE

whose unsparing contribution of his own time and able direction of our Business Staff have made its publication possible

We gratefully dedicate this book.

CLASS OF JUNE '34

VYELAINE CUNNINGHAM.



## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
YOUTH on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."

—GRAY.

Garfield tries to make the last Junior High School days of each class a time to which the graduates may look back as among the most pleasant memories of school life. As our "old graduates" return to take part in Commencement exercises, in Honor Society affairs, in programs, they tell us that no subsequent graduation is ever quite so significant and happy as that which closes the Junior High School years.

You, the June class of 1934, are entitled to a happy graduation time. The great majority of you have been splendidly co-operative during your three years. In the excellent records with which you are leaving Garfield you are reaping the reward of your fine attitude and ambitious efforts.

Your large class, two hundred twenty-one strong, will swell the number of Garfield graduates to the impressive total of five thousand three hundred eighty-six. May these happy closing days inspire you to take your places among the best of those who have preceded you. Our heartfelt good wishes go with you through your future years.

D. L. HENNESSEY.

### *Quake-Proof*

*When they found our Alma Mater  
Was inclined to tip and totter,  
We were given airy classrooms  
Made of tents.*

*Though no classic walls surround us,  
Duck and canvas still impound us,  
And the quantities of home work,  
Are immense.*

*Though the school looks like a circus,  
Math and hist'ry still do irk us,  
And our minds, unlike the air,  
Are very dense.*

*Though the ample ventilation  
May not help our recitation,  
Still our interest in our studies  
Is in tents.  
(intense)*

VYELAINE CUNNINGHAM, *High Nine.*

## FACULTY

Hennessey, D. L. . . . .	<i>Principal</i>
Cannon, MaBelle . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>

Archer, Mrs. Kate W.  
 Arendt, Marion, *Counselor*  
 Bagnall, Mrs. Franklin  
 Barry, Margaret  
 Bellus, Mrs. Ruth  
 Boehne, Fred  
 Brubaker, Emma  
 Brush, Charlotte  
 Collar, Gladys  
 Corley, Harold P.  
 Davis, Mrs. Dorothy  
 Dyson, Mrs. Margaret  
 Fisk, Katharine  
 Flanders, F. A.  
 Fraser, Annie Mills  
 Gay, Adella  
 Goode, Beatrice  
 Groefsema, Christine  
 Grover, Harriet  
 Hamsher, Alice  
 Hughes, Samuel  
 Kelton, Genevieve, *Counselor*

Kidwell, Ruth  
 Kilkenny, Mrs. Myrtle  
 Kleeberger, Mrs. Helen  
 Laurens, Helen  
 Leland, S. J.  
 Lowrey, Mary  
 Mally, Alfreda  
 Martin, Helen  
 McLean, Arthur L.  
 Montagne, Mrs. Alberta E.  
 Morse, Blanche  
 Mossman, Edith L.  
 Neelson, Willis S.  
 O'Neill, Mrs. Dorah D.  
 Patton, Bessie  
 Patton, Elizabeth  
 Perry, H. D.  
 Piatt, Mrs. Mona Skinner  
 Riley, Irma  
 Rowell, Mrs. Evelyn  
 Rushforth, Robert  
 Russ, Mrs. Helen, *Counselor*

Smith, Mrs. Iva  
 Stout, Harriet  
 White, Mrs. Pearl H.  
 Whitney, Roslyn Mae  
 Wilkes, Mrs. Emma  
 Wilson, Flora

### SPECIAL TEACHERS AND ASSISTANTS

Minzyk, John  
*Band and Orchestra*  
 Robinson, Mrs. Ida, *Piano*  
 Foster, Georgia P., *Nurse*  
 Fullerton, Mrs. Helen  
*Playground Director*  
 Menefee, Mrs. Dolly P.,  
*Cafeteria Manager*  
 Pettitt, Mrs. Bessie L., *Matron*  
 Kimbell, S. B., *Head Custodian*  
 Hoag, Jack, *Custodian*  
 Odom, Joseph, *Custodian*  
 Post, C. C., *Custodian*

## GARFIELD ALUMNI

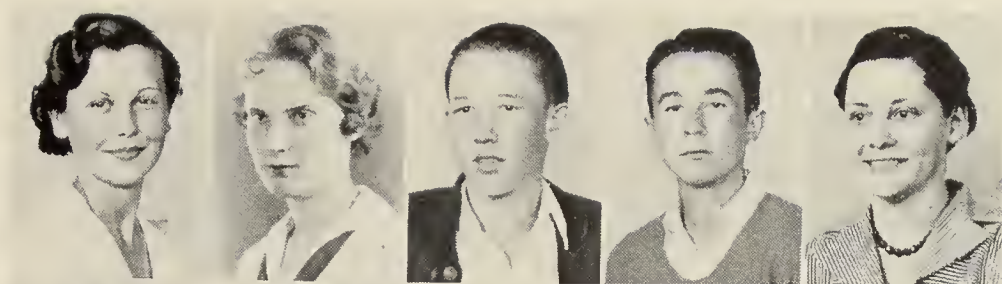
We are always proud of the worth-while achievements of former Garfield students. Just in time for the Gleaner we learn that three Garfield girls, graduating from Berkeley High School, have won scholarships at Mills College. The girls who have thus distinguished themselves are Misses Patricia Tudbury, Isobel Douglas and Mary Baker.

Just a few weeks ago the names of ex-Garfieldites were prominently mentioned in the honor lists of the graduating class at the University of California. Among them were the following:

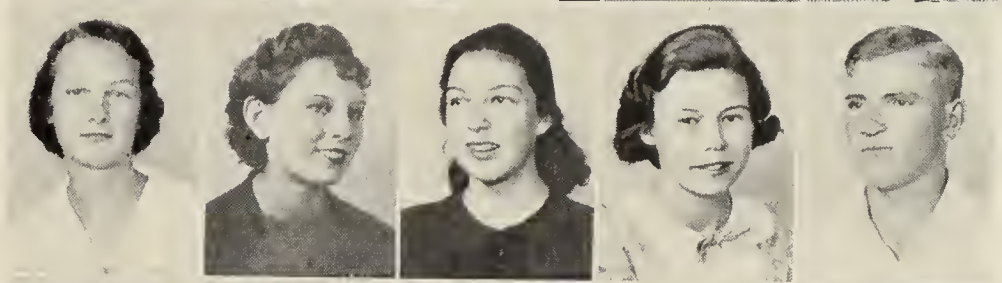
Highest honors in History; Seville Chapman.  
 Highest honors in Astronomy, Daniel Popper.  
 Honors in the following branches:  
 Chemistry: Carleton Peck, Herbert Carlson.  
 Military Science: Kenneth May, Donald Hyerle, William Siegert.  
 English: Ida Glenn Montgomery.  
 German: Isabella Banning.  
 History: Dorothy Bronstein, Ruth Kleeberger, Rachel Lowndes.  
 Zoology: Katherine Dechant.  
 Political Science: Louis Landaū.  
 Eugene Raftery won distinguished honors at St. Mary's College.



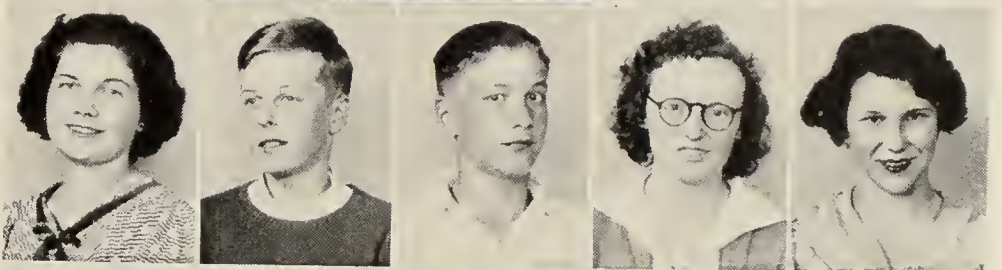
Jane Allen  
 Virginia Allen  
 Sterling Alexander  
 Ed Alloo  
 Ruth Asbury



Marjorie Bacon  
 Peggy Barkhimer  
 Charlotte Badger  
 Dorothy Barton  
 John Benson



Helen Berds  
 Geoffrey Beresford  
 James Bever  
 Docia Blackledge  
 Marian Borden



Lloyd Bredehoft  
 Carol Butts  
 Muriel Burrows  
 Marjorie Mutler  
 Jean Bursk



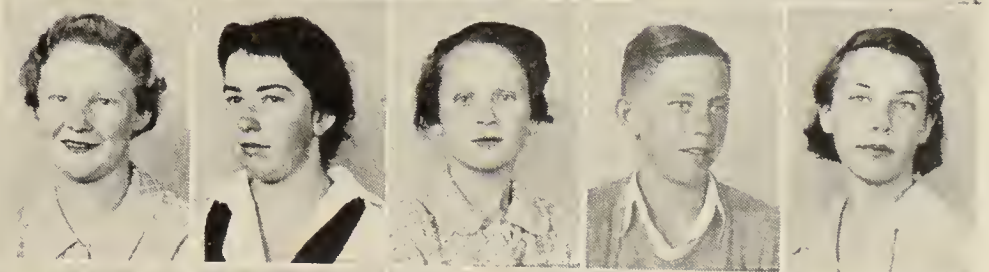
Marie Carroll  
 Edna Carlson  
 Barbara Campbell  
 Jayne Chapman  
 Lorena Canfield



Marie Cavagnaro  
 Jacqueline Carleton  
 Betty Chambers  
 Margery Churchill  
 Betty Churchill



Barbara Chase  
 Elizabeth Clark  
 Dorothy Cleveland  
 Leonard Clausen  
 Elizabeth Collins



Ora Mae Crook  
 Roy Clausen  
 Robert Connell  
 Warner Craig  
 Patsy Cook







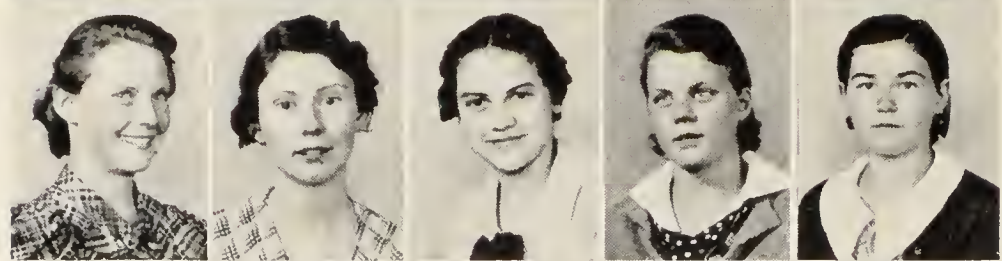
Mary Ellen Cross  
Milton Cunha  
Vyelaine Cunningham  
Gary Davis  
Harry Davis



George De Kay  
Eddie de Lanoy  
Edna Demerritt  
Ruth Dibble  
Bob Doane



Clyde Dodge  
Carolyn Don  
Preston Durly  
Isaac Dundas  
Fred Edwards



Virginia Eames  
Jean Eisenhower  
Audrey Ellis  
Rosemary Ellis  
Gertrude Eperson



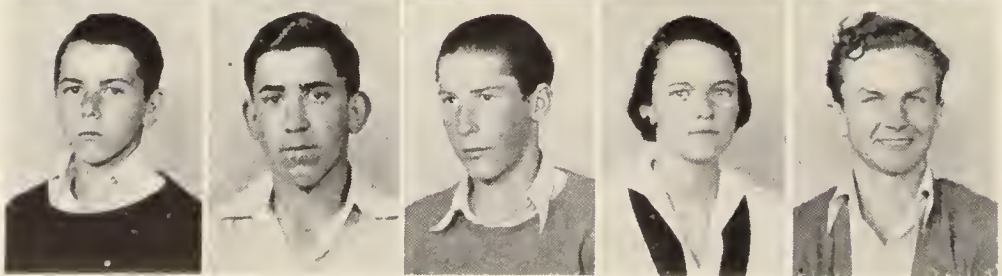
Betty Eveland  
Helen Erikson  
Herbert Ewing  
Melvin Evans  
Roy Foley



Jane Fiske  
Norman Faulkner  
Peggy Fisher  
Leo Frick  
John Fuller



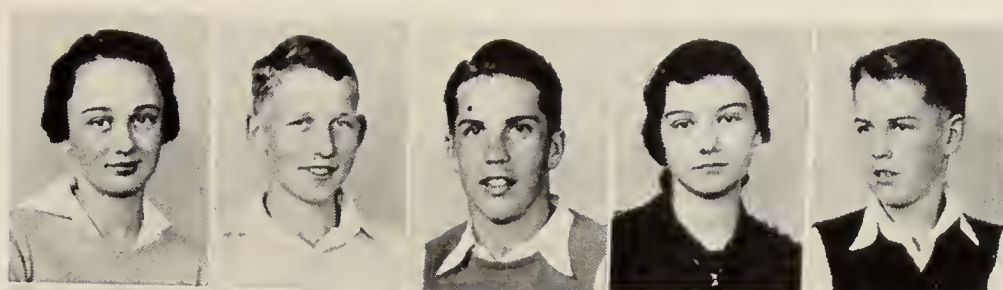
Garrett Fox  
Marion Gabbert  
Claire Gillick  
Margery Gengler  
Patrick Goldsworthy



Bill Grannell  
Warren Gregory  
Bill Guyon  
Betty Hammerly  
Bob Hamilton



June Hamilton  
 Kent Harmon  
 Ronald Hanan  
 Jane Harris  
 Wendell Harris



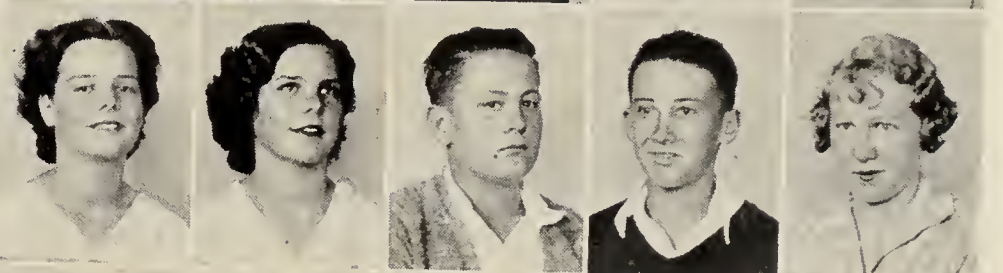
Bill Henderson  
 Kergan Hines  
 Dorothy Hitchcock  
 Mary Beth Holland  
 Stanley Honer



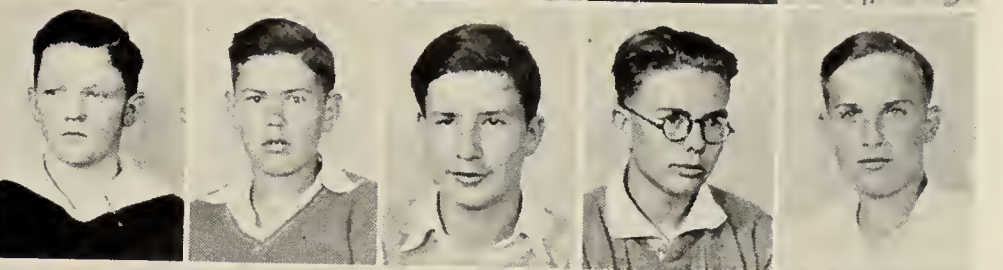
Dorothy Hoffman  
 Ellen Reed Holly  
 Betty Lou Howard  
 Warner Howard  
 Allison Hudnut



Elizabeth Hugel  
 Mary Jane Hugel  
 James Hull  
 Murray Hunt  
 Ruth Hurt



Bill Hyde  
 Kenneth Ingraham  
 Richard Iveson  
 Bill Jackman  
 John Jahn



Burton Jackle  
 Avon Jardin  
 Margery Jeans  
 Florence Jennings  
 Bettie Johnson



Aureba Johnson  
 Paul Jones  
 Eloise Kearney  
 Joyce Kees  
 Tom Kelly



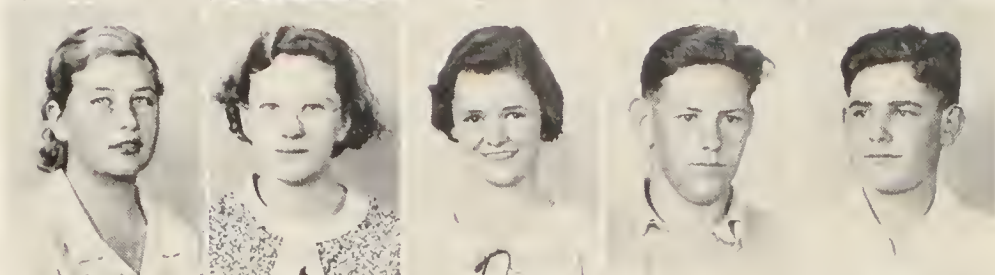
Doris Kimball  
 Jeannette Kelly  
 Alan Krieger  
 Douglas Landreth  
 Helen Lamon







Edith Lane  
Helen Lemon  
Mary Alice Lindblom  
Sue Linscott  
Bernice Lindquist



Eleanor Lovell  
Marian Lloyd  
Patricia MacCaughy  
Howard Marr  
Marsden Manson



Lucy Malcolm  
Mary Macfarlane  
Madelyn Martin  
Eleanor Marquand  
Merritt Martin



Margaretmary Martinez  
Fern Mauzy  
Norman Matthew  
Eugene Mayer  
Jane McGlynn



Dorothy Melville  
Katherine Mead  
Ruth Mervin  
Molly Moser  
Viola Memler



Isabel Morrison  
John Moisan  
Masuko Mitsuyasu  
Mary Ellen Myers  
Evelyn Murphy



Edmund Naphan  
Robert Neal  
Chester Newton  
Tom Neilson  
Robert Nichols



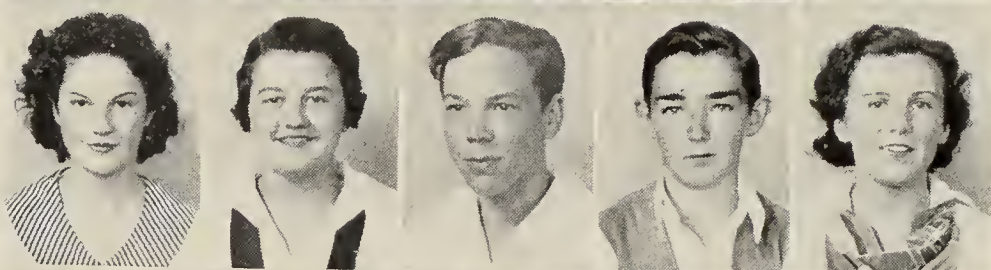
Betty Null  
Virginia Neves  
Dorothy Niederholzer  
Caroline Nosler  
Herbert Ottesen



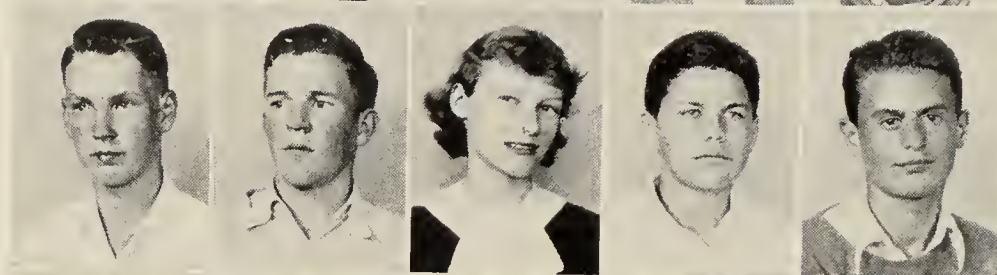
Laurie Pilling  
 Kirby Penn  
 Eileen Parke  
 Madleine Phillips  
 Mildred Plummer



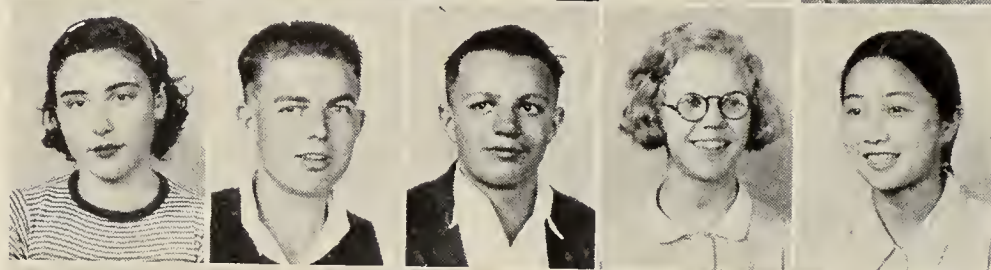
Audrey Provis  
 Mary Lou Porter  
 Bruce Proctor  
 Jack Pugh  
 Margaret Reader



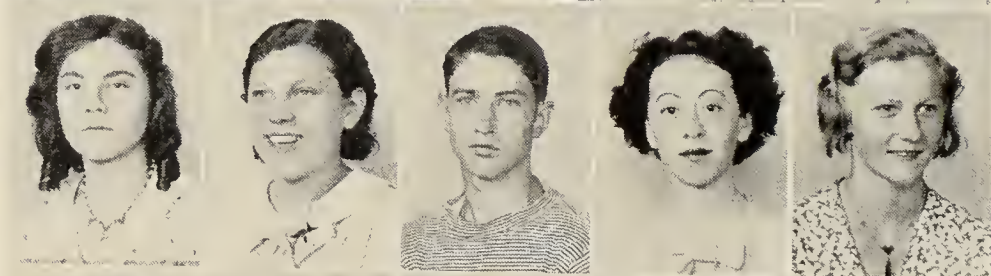
Jim Radford  
 Esten Ray  
 Marybelle Rocca  
 David Ross  
 Roy Roethlisberger



Sylvia Samuely  
 Arthur Sandford  
 Wray Sandow  
 Dorothy Scott  
 Fumiko Sato



Daisy Schreiter  
 Wanda Schroer  
 Dean Shaver  
 Anna Smith  
 Dorothy Smith



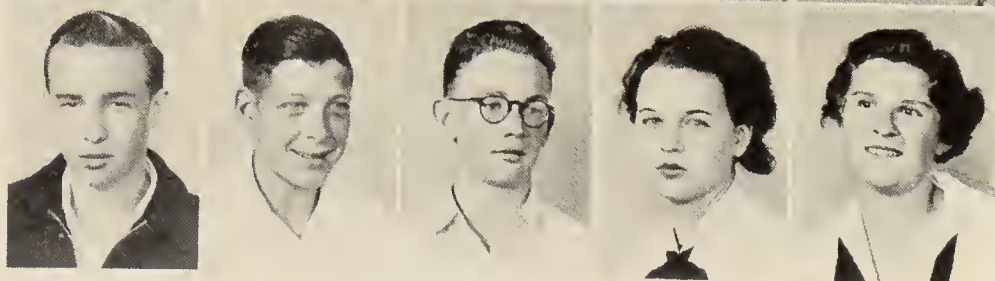
Arthur Stevens  
 Jack Solinsky  
 Mildred Staniel  
 Dorothy Strode  
 Carlton Stewart



Catherine Sutherland  
 Helen Tonkin  
 Jane Ray Vaughan  
 Reginald Valencia  
 Ray Walker



Jack Waddill  
 Hilton Webster  
 David Weeks  
 Jane Walker  
 Beverley Webb







Lowell Welch  
Lydia Wene  
Gordon West  
Mary White  
Jane Weller

Charlotte White  
Harry Wildeson  
Jean Wilkie  
Audrey Wilson  
Earl Wilson

Webster Winans  
Patricia Williams  
Bill Wisenbaker  
Jane Wolff  
Beverly Wyrick

Yaho Yamaguchi  
Yook Fum Tom  
Geraldine Young  
Jerry O'Gorman

## EDITORIAL

"Life is a story in volumes three—  
The past, the present, the yet to be.  
The first is read and put away,  
The second we read, day by day,  
The third and last of volumes three  
Is locked, God has the key."

—Quoted.

We High Nines who have read this first book through have basked in the sunshine of enjoyment. We all have conned the book, turning the pages eagerly. On the whole, each page has brought some new thrill; if only a French test. We will bury this book in our memory and in years to come will reopen it, and read again its interesting contents.

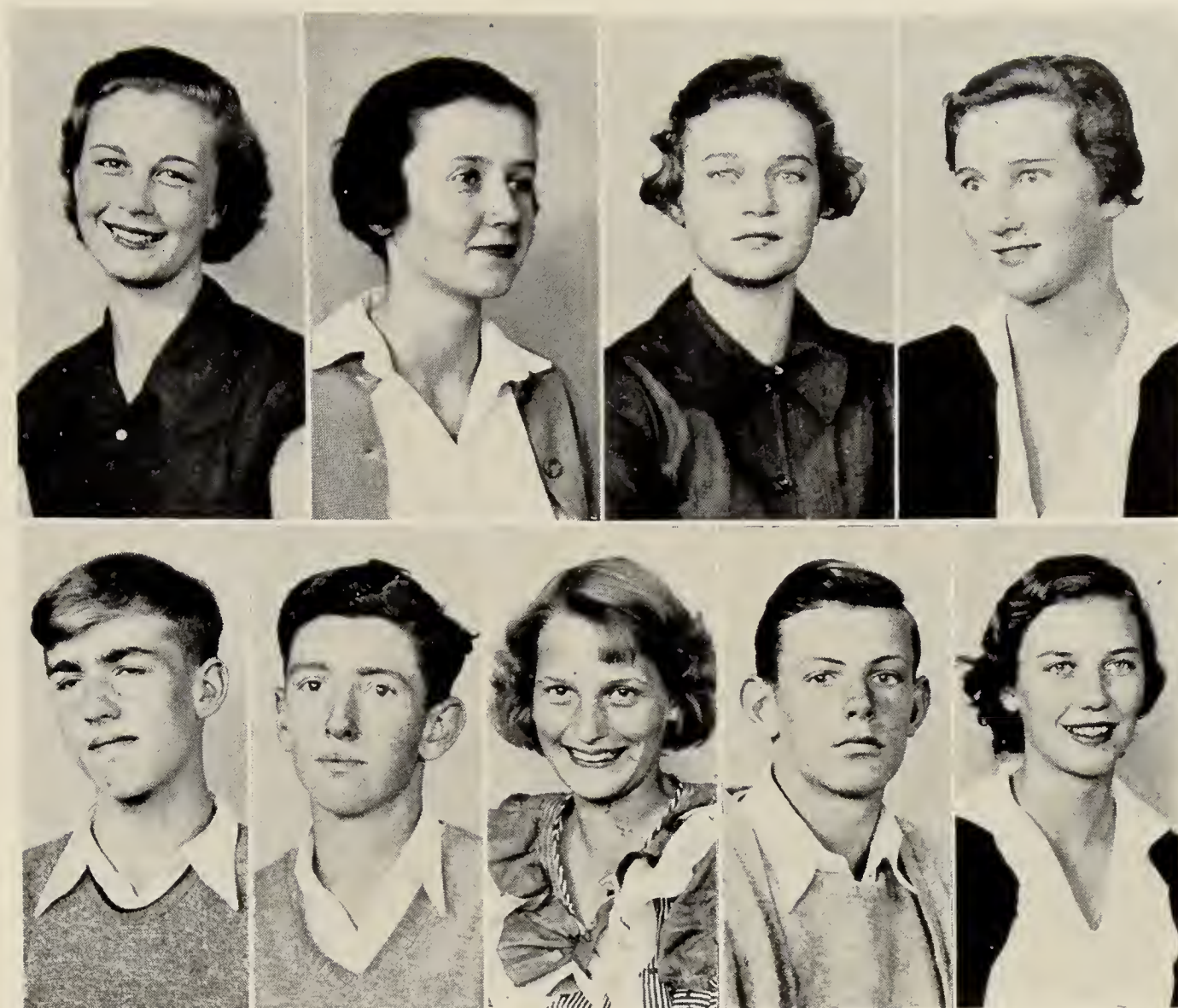
The second volume is an odd book. One can ready only a single page at a time; for, you see, it is the present. We at Garfield are reading amazing pages; pages full of fun in our Tent City.

Although the last volume is locked we have a clear idea of what we would like the book to be. We hope that it has clear, bold print. We have set our ideals high. We hope they will come out unblurred on these pages.

We wait expectantly for God to reveal to us our future lives.

LAURIE PILLING, *High Nine*.





## G. S. A. OFFICERS

January to June — 1934

President	GERALDINE YOUNG
Vice-President	BARBARA POST
Social Secretary	MOLLY MOSER
Secretary	JEAN WILKIE
Treasurer	PATRICK GOLDSWORTHY
Boys' Athletic Manager	REGINALD VALENCIA
Girls' Athletic Manager	PEGGY FISHER
Yell Leader	BOB BUSBY
Girls' Yell Leader	JOYCE KEES

### *Wishing*

*Queer how I get to thinking  
Of things I used to do;  
And get that funny longing  
For joys on the ranch I knew.*

*Of happy hours spent fishing  
Or hunting all the day;  
Or maybe just a swimming  
To pass the time away.*

JACK TONKIN, *Low Eight.*





GLENER STAFF



## GLEANER STAFF 1934 SPRING TERM

<i>Editor</i>	LAURIE PILLING
<i>Literary Editor</i>	BETTY LOU HOWARD
<i>Poetry Editor</i>	SUSAN MARX
<i>Joke Editor</i>	PAUL JONES
<i>Art Editor</i>	HINSDALE LATOUR
<i>Business Manager</i>	JIM BEAL
<i>Photography Editor</i>	RUTH ASBURY

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Howard Cook, Catherine Mitchelson, Jeanette Kelly, Margery Churchill, Robert Connell, Marjorie Rhoem, Charlotte Badger, Marjorie McKee, Charlotte White, Patricia Parrish, Muriel Burrows, Junior Ammonette, David Ross, Elizabeth Sauer, Bill Grannell, Marian Borden, Elinor Skimmings, Vyelaine Cunningham, Rosemary Ellis, Janet Reed, Kent Harmon, Muriel Boyd, Dorothy Heck, Virginia Clarke, Catherine Mead, Horace Pratt, Betty Drury, William Fontenrose, Patricia Danforth, Doris Kimball, Patricia MacCaughey, Helen Tonkin, Carolyn Don, Molly Moser, Isaac Dundas, Juanita Fullmer, Jane Fiske Eleanor Marquand, Evelyn Prochietto.

### THE GLEANER VAUDEVILLE

Stupendous! Marvelous! Hit of the Season! Great Success! Colossal! These were the terms given to the Gleaner Vaudeville, "The Sidewalks of New York," by the Garfield critics. Its success was partly due to the marvelous actors, actresses, singers and dancers that made up its cast.

Those in the "Illustrated Songs" were Noreen Higgins, Muriel Boyd, Vyelaine Cunningham, Janet Reid, Muriel Burrows, Marjorie Rhoem, and Betty Drury. The songs were sung by those famous soloists, Mr. Leland and Mr. Rushforth.

In the main vaudeville, "The Sidewalks of New York," there were those famous actors and actresses, Mrs. Gavin, as the wash woman; Mrs. Kleeberger, as Apple Annie; Mr. Hughes, as the policeman; Mr. McLean, and the famous comic team, Corley and Perry, Mr. Hennessey, and Miss Whitney as the opera singer. Also Marjorie McKee as the opera singer's mother, and Ruth Dibble as the organ grinder.

Among the dancers in the vaudeville were that celebrated dance team, Tonkin and Moser. Jack Solinsky and Edward Alloo did an Apache dance. Also the Duffey Sisters did a fast stepping tap dance. Two clowns, Shirley Newell and Avis Adams, did a tap dance also.

And, oh yes! Barbara Post as the boy with a "bicycle built for two," and Gwendlyn Gerken, as Daisy, did a fine act. Gerald Nelson sang "Daisy" while they were performing.

Some odd looking people gave a backward drill under the direction of Mrs. Davis. They made a pyramid and all of a sudden the under pinings of the pyramid gave way and down it fell.

In winding up my column, for I must as my pencil is just a stub now and there is a day's work ahead of me tomorrow, I must repeat again that "The Sidewalks of New York" was the greatest vaudeville ever to be presented on the Garfield stage.

MARGERY CHURCHILL.

"A sleepy newspaper column writer."



# GRADUATION



Last term, near the end, we were horrified to learn that the beautiful building we had worked in so long was to be condemned. Some of us thought that it would spoil our last term here but, to my mind, we have had as much enjoyment as before. And also our studies have seemed easier in the tents. It certainly helps to solve a knotty algebra problem to be able to look out of the tents and see blue sky or fog or something besides black-boards and book-cases.

But it's nice to graduate in something that reminds us of the way Garfield used to be—the old auditorium.

For those of you who are not lucky enough to see the graduation this year, I shall give the program.

The closing exercises of the H.9 Class will be held on Wednesday and Thursday forenoons, June 13 and 14, at 9:30 o'clock. The class numbers 221.

The Class Day program on Wednesday will include class statistics, class history and prophesy, and the same musical numbers that will be given the following day. Class awards and honors will be presented.

On the graduation program will be two alumni speakers, Miss Ruth Kleeberger, recently elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and Louis Landau, both graduates this semester at the University of California. Geraldine Young and Carlton Stewart will be the speakers representing the class. Vocal solos will be given by Reginald Valencia and Barbara Campbell. The graduation-class chorus will sing the "Seraphic Song," by Rubinstein, accompanied by Geraldine Scheibner, piano, and Katherine Tuttle, violin. Emblems will be presented, the entire class will sing two stanzas of America, and the benediction will be given to close the program. A graduation-party will be given in the gymnasium by the Parent-Teacher Association Thursday afternoon.

## PAGEANT OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY

When the present graduating class was merely a small, green H.7, they presented a grand Pageant of California History. This pageant was given as a result of their preceding term's work in California History. The pageant was in twenty-five scenes extending from Columbus and



Drake and the Indians to the Mexican rule and the entrance of California into the Union. Before each scene a prologue was read by Betty Lou Howard, telling what the scene was to be about.

Instead of regular scenery, slides were used that were spotted on the curtain at the back.

During the land expedition to the missions, Harry McElroy kept the laggards from falling back too far with his famous bugle. At the founding of the mission we had a real Latin choir sing "Veni Creator Spiritus." While such celebrities as Marjorie Bacon, Muriel Burrows, Barbara Chase, Dorothy Hitchcock, Ellen Reed Holly, Betty Null, Catherine Sutherland, Beverly Webb, Jean Wilkie and Patsy Williams lifted their heads and sang sweetly . . . in the chorus.

The staid and serious president of the Honor Society, Carlton Stewart, was Governor Galvez of Mexico.

Did Mrs. Smith recognize future A Capella members in Barbara Campbell and Audrey Ellis as Mexican women?

In the Mexican fiesta scene such dashing Spanish belles as Jane Allen, Margery Jeans, Margery Butler, Geraldine Young, Helen Tonkin, Fern Mauzy and Molly Moser carried on daring flirtations with sleek Spanish gentlemen, represented by John Benson, Leo Frick, Burton Jaekle, Reginald Valencia, Jack Solinsky, Norman Matthew, Bob Doane and Bill Guyon.

In the next scene the lovely sunrise hymn was sung by the chorus. Jane Ray Vaughan was the graceful senora, Geraldine Young the charming senorita, and Jack Solinsky the senior.

When Commodore Sloat raised the American flag over Monterey there was a rousing fight between the Mexicans, represented by Alan Krieger, Norman Faulkner, George DeKay, Leonard Clausen, Patrick Goldsworthy, Tom Neilson and Warner Craig, and the American soldiers, Warner Howard, Bill Jackman, Robert Nichols, John Moisan and Kergan Hines. The gallant Commodore was portrayed by Robert Hamilton.

When James Marshall discovered gold he was no more surprised than Herbert Otteson was when he was given the part of Marshall.

Here comes the stagecoach and in her is Sutter, Dean Farnsworth, who jumps out to greet his sweetheart from the East, Helen Berds, and to sing her a welcoming song in the form of "Sweet Genevieve."

Hurrah for the pony express! Look out or you'll get run over as Bill Grannell gallops on as the daring pony expressman.

When the railways from both oceans were joined, Robert Connell was right there to represent Leland Stanford.

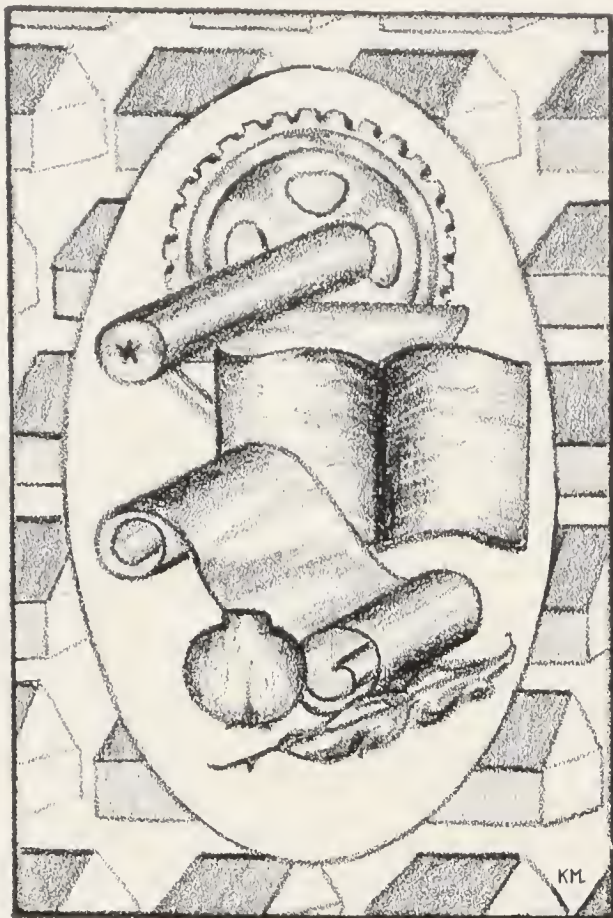
In the last scene our own glamorous California was pictured by Betty Eveland. And Spanish señoritas, trappers, soldiers, priests, girls of 1850, miners, Mexicans and Indians all pressed forward together to acclaim her . . .

*California, California, a dream that only God could plan,  
Can teach the world the brotherhood of man.*

BETTY LOU HOWARD, *High Nine*.



# LITERATURE



## POETRY CONTEST

For several years it has been customary at Garfield to have a poetry contest, prizes for which have been generously donated by Miss Blanche Morse of the English department. This semester the following awards were made: First, *A Cycle*, Betty Lou Howard; second, *Observation*, Marian Borden; third, *A Child at Play*, Jayne Chapman.

### *A Cycle*

(Original Iambic Verse)

*Upon a grassy knoll the oak tree stands,  
The distant hills are etched in hazy green,  
The mighty oak with arms uplifted high,  
What scenes of joy and sorrow has it seen,  
Beneath its shade a baby chased the leaves,  
Upon its trunk the sweethearts carved their names,  
Its lofty dignity upset today,  
By many children at their noisy games,  
Beneath its leaves the gray haired lovers sit,  
And dream of days that long ago have passed.*

BETTY LOU HOWARD, *High Nine.*

### *God's Gift to Me*

*One time my sight was blotted out  
And in the stifling dark  
I knew what it had meant to see  
A baby in the dark.  
And when they brought me mayflow'rs  
To only touch and smell,  
I wept, and dried my eyes, and prayed  
That God might make them well.  
I sensed the Springtime in the air,  
The clover in the grass.  
But now no outcry did I make  
'Till spring, unseen, had passed.  
When I turned in the gate at night  
Just half the joy was dead.—  
To hunt—and miss—a wagging tail,  
And pat a shaggy head.  
And then He gave it back to me—  
The Spring, the joys—my sight.  
And, too, a shaft of sunshine  
Had come from out my night.  
I did not see the petty cares  
Of money, words, and looks,  
I gloried in the little things—  
A star, the clouds, and nooks  
Where unexpected flowret nods.*

SUSAN MARX, *High Eight.*



## *A Child at Play*

*Of all the things I like to see  
The mountain, brooks, and lovely trees  
I think my favorite of all of these  
Is a child at play.*

*And when the hair has turned to white,  
The eyes have slowly lost their sight.  
Then only a memory is left, gay and bright,  
Of a child at play.*

JAYNE CHAPMAN, *High Nine*.

## *Observation*

*Blond hair, red hair,  
Hair all blown and brown,  
Stringy hair, straggly hair,  
Hair all falling down.*

*Wavy hair, straight hair,  
Hair that wisps around  
Along the street on a windy day  
All kind of hair is found.*

*Quiet eyes, dancing eyes,  
Eyes that comfort me,  
Mocking eyes, slanting eyes,  
Eyes all full of glee.*

*Jealous eyes, praying eyes,  
Those with hope, that dies,  
Oh, how much of life is held,  
In somebody's eyes.*

MARION BORDEN, *High Nine*.

## PEACE

Peace——Stillness——Tranquility. A young girl, weary and discouraged, entered a church. As she seated herself, she noticed that others about her were silent. Soft vespers stole over the room; sunlight, which was fading slowly, shone faintly through the colored glass windows. The girl bent her head in prayer. Peace——stillness——. When she raised her head, the organ was playing soothingly, the sounds coming only faintly. An expression of content was on her face. The organ softened the notes melodiously, and tranquility settled in the dusky church. Peace——darkness. Was it being *in* the church that had given her courage? No; it was——peace——atonement——communion——with God. Silence——.

RUTH ASBURY, *High Nine*.



## *The Golden Gate Bridge*

*Over the water they'll fling it,  
Home of the fish and the seal,  
High in the air they will fling it,  
A cobweb of iron and steel.*

*Fingers that will bridge a city,  
Stretching 'tween hamlet and state,  
Fingers that join us together,  
Over our billowing strait.*

*Fingers that reach up to heaven,  
Six hundred and fifty feet long,  
Fingers of reinforced concrete,  
Being like tentacles strong.*

*Joining a forest primeval,  
Unto a city sedate,  
Joined over billowing turmoil,  
Over our Golden Gate.*

FRANK RYAN, *Low Nine*.

## **MIGHTY BRIDGES OF THE FUTURE**

For many years men have dreamed of bridging the beautiful Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay.

The increase of population around the bay area has caused the necessity of quicker transportation between San Francisco, Oakland, and other East Bay cities. By studying many maps and charts, engineers finally agreed that it was possible. To finance both bridges, sufficient money was obtained from the government.

Joseph B. Strauss is directing engineer of construction on the Golden Gate project. It will have the longest suspension span in the world, with towers 746 feet high, the tallest ever constructed. The main structure is 8,940 feet long, while the length of the suspension is 4,200 feet. The entire bridge will be built of steel and concrete, with this amazing supply of materials required: 212,240,000 pounds of steel, 293,000 cubic yards of concrete, consisting of 162,252,000 pounds of cement, 380,900,000 pounds of sand, and 738,360,000 pounds of crushed rock. This, with all other costs included, will bring a total of \$33,000,000.

Out of all this will come one of the bridge marvels of the world and the realization of an old dream of spanning the Golden Gate.

The Oakland-San Francisco Bridge will also be constructed mainly of steel and concrete. It will be the only bridge in the world with a double suspension span: the first consisting of a span from San Francisco to a mid-bay anchorage, and the second from the anchorage to Yerba Buena Island, through which is being dug the largest vehicle tunnel in the world. It is 58 feet high, 76 feet wide, and 540 feet long. These dimensions are four times that of the Holland Tube Tunnel in the East! From Yerba



Buena Island to the Oakland side is a cantilever construction, and the longest in the world. Another feature of this bridge is a double deck. The lower part is for trucks and electric trains and the upper for automobiles and pedestrians.

The main structure of the bridge is 22,720 feet long, and the double suspension span is 3,210 feet. In construction of the bridge is being used a total of 434,000 tons of steel and 1,300,000 barrels of cement, at a cost of \$61,400,000.

The building of these bridges will aid people on both sides of the bay. It will speed up transportation. San Francisco will become the financial and commercial center of the West, while Oakland and other cities of the East Bay will become a rich residential center.

With an eye to the future, plans are now being made to celebrate their completion in 1937 with a World's Fair. GORDON WEST.

## THE LOVELIEST THING I HAVE EVER SEEN

Of all the lovely places of nature I have ever seen I will always remember, with a great deal of vividness, one beautiful spot in the High Sierras, where I had gone with my mother, brother and several friends for a brief holiday.

My mother was especially anxious that we children should have our first thrill of trout fishing.

This novelty was to be enjoyed from a boat on Lake Almanor. It was toward late afternoon. We took a small out-board motorboat and headed toward a spot on the lake, which we knew to be the evening feeding ground of the rainbow trout.

For a while all went well and my brother and I enjoyed our first experience of handling a trout pole. Now and then someone in our boat would have a strike which would break the silence which prevailed over all. After a half hour of this fishing I grew restless and looked about me for something of more interest than trying to catch the elusive trout.

A slight breeze was gently ruffling the water about us and many tiny lights were playing about on the surface of the lake. I raised my eyes and saw the setting sun and there in all its snow-crowned glory I saw Mount Lassen, bathed in a golden halo of light. I had seen Mount Lassen many times before and it was only another high mountain peak, now it was something alive and a glorious sight to behold.

It seemed to be a thing of power and glory rising so majestically above the rim of the lake, casting a protecting shadow over the water. Lower and lower sank the sun, disappearing, leaving Mount Lassen outlined in a rim of crimson, which faded into a deep purplish hue and then into twilight shadow.

Gradually the mountain receded into the approaching night. It was growing darker. Soon it was lost to view, but not to memory. We hoisted our anchor, as it was time to go back to camp.

I did not have any trout to show for my first fishing trip, but I had seen Mount Lassen as few are privileged to see her and I was happy.

MADELYN MARTIN, *High Nine*.



## THE OPENING DAYS OF A TENT SCHOOL

It seemed like summer with the warm sun lazily playing on my back, giving me that deliciously drowsy feeling. Yes, it must be summer, for listen, woodpeckers were tapping industriously away in the distance. How can they work on such a gorgeous day? Then, suddenly the wind became harsh and the sun flung over her shining face a cloud cloak.

Only then did I awaken from my day-dreaming and realize it was not summer, but the Sunday of January seventh—the day before school started. And the woodpeckers, you ask? Well, they are the tapping hammers of the many workman erecting our tent city. Tomorrow morning I'd have to get up and trot off to school in the cold. Such is life!

Oh, well, it really wasn't half bad. Mr. Hennessey looked actually droll standing on the stage with the ever evident whistle between his lips, while beside him was a piece of blackboard solemnly announcing that this was the principal's office. Soon we were shooed home with our two dear friends: assignments and books. And what assignments!

Those of us who were allowed to stay and assist the teachers in as many little ways as we could, were astonished to find altogether different teachers from those we had known before. Here there were not merely men and women who graded our papers and taught us, but humans who sometimes became excited. In serving the teachers lunch to them we found that if any one wished to please Mrs. Russ, give her custard, and Miss Laurens, two full cups of coffee with no cream or sugar.

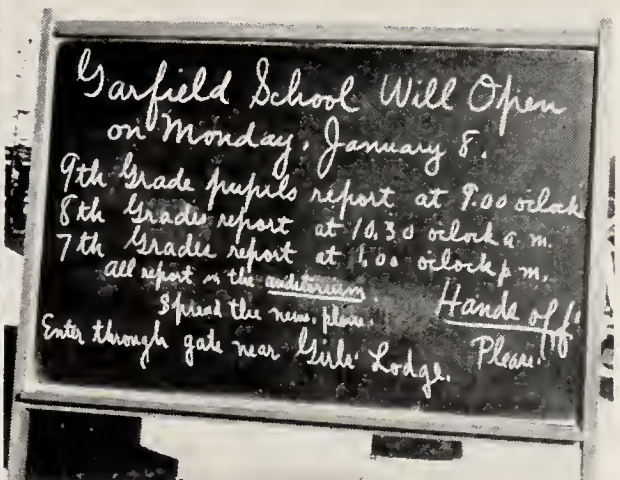
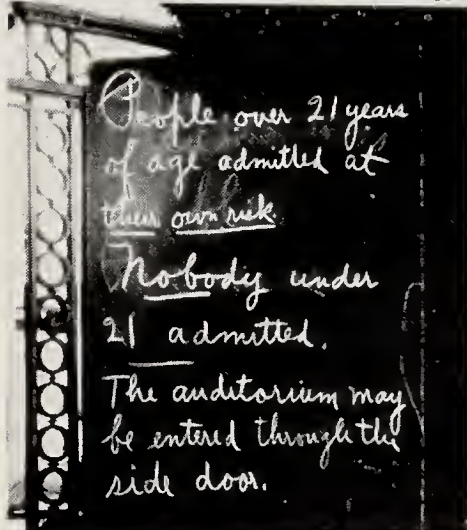
Roped off from all the scramble of children, the tents were making rapid progress. A week before the start of school there had been only the floors built; then from the floors emerged sides, and lastly a crown of white canvas was added.

In the afternoon shifts came the "scrubs." I don't know who felt more out of place, we who had known the big brick building, or those to whom everything was new. One day a low seven came up to me and said, "Where's tent 13?" I told her in a patronizing high nine voice that there was none; that she may have recalled 13 was an unlucky number. But who is the superstitious one?

It seems to me wonderful how few have taken advantage of these trying times to do things that in ordinary circumstances would have been impossible. Mr. Hennessey is surely proud of the whole-hearted cooperation of the faculty and students of Garfield School.

LAURIE PILLING, *High Nine*.





## Tents

I'm sure that I shall never rent,  
 A house quite like a Garfield tent.  
 A tent of flapping canvas built,  
 In which sometimes we nearly wilt.  
 A tent that may in summer wear,  
 Its sides rolled up to give us air.  
 A tent wherein we rack our brains,  
 Or listen to the pelt of rains.  
 In spite of inconveniences,  
 We seldom suffer grievances.  
 And most of us were less content  
 In our old classrooms than a tent.

MARION GABBERT, High Nine.



# THE KITE SHOP

*A Play in One Act by JOHN BOGARD*

## CAST:

LEE SO . . . . . The Kite Merchant  
SUKO . . . . . A Little Japanese Girl  
SING HA . . . . . One of the Emperor's Guards  
HU FU . . . . . The Emperor of Japan

*Time:* Morning of a summer day, centuries ago, in the city of Tokio.

*Scene:* The action of the play takes place in the little Kite Shop of the old Japanese merchant, Lee So. There is a door at right center, and a counter across the left back corner. There are windows at right back and right front. There are a number of Japanese kites hanging back of the counter, and some are placed around the room. In the window at the right, there is a sign reading, "*Lee So, Maker of Kites.*" There is a large stool in front of the counter. On the counter are a large Japanese vase, some varicolored tissue paper, some glue, and some kite sticks. Lee So is working at a kite. He is humming a little song as he works. Then Sing Ha enters.

SING HA: Greetings, Honorable Maker of Kites.

LEE SO: It is with pleasure that I bid you welcome to my humble shop.

SING HA: Know you that today is the Princess's birthday?

LEE SO: Ah yes, if only Swaying Willow had been a boy! Ah me, I would not have been able to make enough kites to fill the demand; but as it is, the Doll Shop across the street gets all the business. Ah, but I am so very poor!

SING HA: Yes, but they say that the Princess is not content.

LEE SO: What mean you?

SING HA: They say that she throws the finest dolls made by the doll-maker out of the palace.

LEE SO: Are they such bad dolls?

SING HA: Nay, for I caught one as I stood guard at the palace. It was thrown from the terrace above me. I took it home to my daughter, and she was crazy with joy.

LEE SO: She is aptly named, for like the willow, she weeps all the time.

SING HA: But if we only knew what was the matter. The man who discovers it will be a rich man. You know, they say that the dolls offend the illustrious taste of the Princess.

LEE SO: But there are other dolls than those made by the Doll Maker.

SING HA: Indeed yes, the Emperor sent to the farthest part of Japan to try to get a doll to please his daughter and stop her crying. But none would do, for she still weeps.

LEE SO: It is strange, very strange. (Pause) What does the Princess look like?

SING HA: She is quite little, and her hair is very black. She is quite ordinary looking.

LEE SO: I have never seen her. But if the Emperor should have a son, I shall present the boy with that kite (he points to a large dragon kite



behind him) on his first birthday. He will want to fly with it, and it will take all the armies of Japan to hold him down once my kite starts to pull him away. Ah yes, I shall wait until that time arrives.

SING HA: Well, I must be patrolling the city. I bid you farewell.

LEE SO: Farewell, and gods be with you. (Exit Sing Ha. Lee So works for a little while. Then the door opens and a little girl comes in).

LEE SO: Greetings, and what is your name?

THE LITTLE GIRL: Greetings, Honorable Maker of Kites. My name is Suko.

LEE SO: A nice name for a nice little girl.

SUKO: I want to buy a kite.

LEE SO: For a sick brother?

SUKO: No.

LEE SO: For a far-away boy cousin?

SUKO: No.

LEE SO: For a present for a well-brother whose birthday it is?

SUKO: No! It is for no boy! It is for me!

LEE SO: A girl wants a kite? What manner of talk is this? Ah, perhaps you wish to offer it to some household god?

SUKO: No I do not, you horrid old man! I want to fly it with the boys, on the hill above the Emperor's palace.

LEE SO: Be it so. What kite do you wish? (The little girl climbs up onto the stool).

SUKO: Show me some.

LEE SO: Do my old eyes deceive me, or have you been crying?

SUKO: It is none of your business, oh most wretched of kite makers.

LEE SO: What manner of girl is this who talks so proudly to a man of many years?

SUKO: Show me some kites!!

LEE SO: Here is one. (He shows her many kites, but she likes none of them. Then she sees the dragon kite which is for the Emperor's son).

SUKO: Show me that one.

LEE SO: Ah no, young Suko, that is for the Emperor's son.

SUKO: The Emperor has no son.

LEE SO: Some day he will. I shall save it until then.

SUKO: But I want that kite.

LEE SO: It is not for sale.

SUKO: But I want it. (She begins to cry).

LEE SO: Oh little girl, listen to me. You can not have the kite. It was not made for you. Have you never heard of the little girl who lived in the mountains with her mother? Now this little girl was a very selfish little girl, and consequently, she wanted every penny that her poor mother made by gathering charcoal. And she spent all this wealth on fine clothes and on good things to eat like turtle neck soup, or fried eel stew.

Well, her mother was getting poorer and poorer because the charcoal was rather scarce. And finally the dragon who lived in the mountains heard the little girl yelling for her mother's pennies.

Well, the dragon was a good dragon, but he knew that something had



to be done about the selfish little girl. So he breathed a breath of flame all over the little girl's hut. And when the smoke cleared away, instead of the little girl there was a big bag of gold pieces. (Suko has been listening very closely, her tears forgotten).

SUKO: And what happened to the little girl?

LEE SO: Don't you see, the dragon changed her into the big bag of money. And so the poor mother became rich, and didn't have the troublesome, selfish daughter to bother her any more.

SUKO: Oh, that is a wonderful story. But I feel so ashamed about my actions.

LEE SO: But you will not act that way again, will you?

SUKO: Oh——(enter Sing Ha).

SING HA: Ha, a customer.

LEE SO: Yes, here is a girl who wishes to buy a kite for herself.

SING HA: Strange . . . Honorable ancestors! It is the Princess Swaying Willow! (Lee So and Sing Ha both fall to the ground).

SUKO: You may both rise.

LEE SO, rising: But you told me your name was Suko.

SUKO: It is. Swaying Willow is one of my other names.

LEE SO: I ask your pardon, Princess. I have offended you. I cannot try to apologize.

SUKO: You need not. I am a foolish, selfish girl.

LEE SO: Look! I will give you the kite.

SUKO: Oh, thank you! (She takes it).

SING HA (who has been looking out the window): Lee So! The Emperor is coming. (There is the sound of trumpets outside. The Emperor enters. Lee So and Sing Ha bow deeply).

THE EMPEROR: You are Lee So, the kite maker?

LEE SO: I am indeed that miserable one.

SUKO: Look, father, what the nice man gave me!

THE EMPEROR: Does it make you happy?

SUKO: Happier than all the dolls in China would. And the nice kite maker has made me see what a selfish girl I was. I am not going to be that way any more, but I would like this man to live in the palace so he could tell me stories and keep me from being selfish.

EMPEROR: Is it agreeable to you, oh Maker of Kites?

LEE SO: I am more than honored.

EMPEROR: Then I commission you to live in the palace and keep my daughter supplied with kites and stories. And you will receive a bag of gold every week of your life hereafter.

LEE SO: Ah, but you are most good, oh Son of the Gods.

SUKO: And so are you, old Kite Maker.

EMPEROR: Yes, because you made my son-daughter cease her crying.

Curtain

## A TRUE RAILROAD ADVENTURE

One day as I was hanging around the round-house in Oakland I met up with a man who had worked on about every railroad in the United States. The railroad men call those fellows boomers. Well, this man could tell some of the best stories I ever heard. One of them I will tell you now. I'll tell it to you as he told it to me.

"Quite a ways back I was workin' on one of these railroads in the south of de country. I had a conductor and a brakeman who were very good in playin' jokes, practical ones they were, on the other fellows. Ya could never tell when they were comin' and you always had to be on the lookout for them."

"Well, one Saturday night there wuz a hot crap game in the depot. The conductor and the brakeman were not in it for several reasons, the main one bein' that they were broke. Craving excitement these two fellows got their heads to workin' and after a few minutes of low conversation left the depot. In the car wuz some caps, dynamite and fuses and his plan wuz to bomb the crap game and scare the guys. They began to make preparations. The brakie had to climb a barbed-wire fence, place the dynamite in a fork of a tree right outside of de depot and then light it. Well, on the other side of the tree wuz a pasture with some goats in it. As the brakie lit the dynamite it fell out of the tree right near where the goats were. They didn't have sense to move so they (3 of them) were blown to bits. It gave the gang in the depot a good scare and the two were immensely pleased. They later burned the pieces of flesh as to leave no evidence.

"The next night a hard lookin' gent calls at our camp and asked for the brakie. He said that two of his goats had come back wounded and that three more were missing.

"He said also that they were of prize stock but that he sympathized with him and that he wouldn't make him pay the full price. Said that if he payed him \$10 he would call it square. He couldn't get out of it and the conductor and the engineer both advised him to pay, so he did. The next night another fellow called on him and said that his bird dog had been so scared that he wouldn't hunt anymore and had gotten gun-shy. The brakie kissed another ten spot goodbye. Now he thought his troubles were over. But he wuz wrong for the next night a guy called on him and wuz real nasty. He said he wuz going to make it hot for him if he didn't pay the doctor's bill, as he had frightened his wife so bad that he had to take her to a doc. In fact, there were so many claims against him that he wuz about to pack up and go.

"When this gang had carried their joke as far as they felt they should they told him that this pal of his, the conductor, had been putting up fellows to collecting damages from me. The conductor had gotten all the money and gave it back to him. After that he swore off playing jokes on other people."

EDDIE DE LANOY, *High Nine*.



### *A Butterfly*

*From a cocoon where the moth makes its bed,  
Spun from the sheerest of smooth silken thread.  
Emerges a butterfly.*

*Bewildered, its soft glitt'ring wings drawn back tight,  
Confused and untaught in a puzzling plight.*

*Slowly led on by the flights of the others,  
Spreading its wings near bright flowers it hovers,  
Then darts t'ward the sky.*

CAROLINE GHEEN, *High Seven.*

### *The Pioneer Mother*

*To the pioneer mother  
I write you this song,  
For your bravery and courage  
All the years long.*

*For tilling the soil,  
And breaking the land,  
For settling; and rearing  
Your children by hand.*

*For fighting the Indians,  
And keeping your head,  
For doing the housework,  
And spinning the thread.*

*For your great lasting strength,  
And your heart of pure gold;  
So again I say Hail!  
To you, Mother of Old.*

MARGERY CHURCHILL, *High Nine.*

### *The Moon*

*Golden moon through blackened trees,  
Scented sweetness of evening breeze,  
Tranquil peace envelops all  
Summer: night doth me enthrall.*

*Silver moon through whitened trees,  
Cutting sharpness of frosty breeze,  
Thick'ning cloak of snow o'er all  
Winter: silence doth me appall.*

LAURIE PILLING, *High Nine.*

### *Original Iambic Verse*

*The sea rolls up the sandy beach at night,  
And over wreck of ancient treasure ship.  
The priceless gems that lie within the hold,  
Among the vestiges of Spanish bones,  
Remind me of ancient palms of fruitless gains.*

JAMES BEVER, *High Nine.*

## LAKE TAHOE

Over the rippling waters of Lake Tahoe, the orange, full moon shines. The blue green waters, which now look black, gently fall in waves along the sandy shore. Around the lake one sees tiny flickers of yellow flames dancing hither and thither, reflecting their light upon the waters. Clustered around the fires are many people of all ages, tired out with the long day, but still singing soft and low.

I have never seen a more beautiful sight than the magnificent Lake Tahoe with a lovely background of pine and redwood trees, on a moonlight night.

JANE WELLER, *High Nine*.

### *Song*

*This is a song. What of?  
I know not that small thing.  
I only know it is a song—  
Because I sing.*

*This is a moan. And yet  
'Tis rapture after pain.  
My soul cries out for tears  
And then—  
I sing again.*

SUSAN MARX, *High Eighth*.

### *Nature*

*The laughing brook,  
The waving fern,  
A shady nook,  
For these I yearn.*

*The call of the bird,  
The perfume of flowers,  
Springtime is heard,  
In all fairy bowers.*

KATHERINE MEAD, *High Nine*.

## THE FOUNTAIN GENIE

It is a popular tradition that the magnificent Alhambra is protected by a magic charm. Beneath this aged structure lie buried treasures unknown. Many persons have tried their luck at revealing this hidden fortunes but all have failed. Often such people, as a result of their greed, are enchanted by a secret charm, and disappear forever. A tale relating to the buried treasures of the Alhambra has been told through the centuries, recounting the enchantment of the twelve greedy princes from Cordova.

Many hundreds of years ago, in the time of Aben Habuz, the Moorish king, there lived twelve greedy princes. The eldest of these, Hussein Baba, had been half crazed since a child, with the thought of treasure. He had heard that a magic formula telling the whereabouts of treasure, hidden under enchantment, was concealed in a secret panel beneath the stone of a jeweled fountain. This was near the Hall of the Abencerrages.

The brothers were amazed at the information, and immediately planned to inspect the marvelous chamber. It was finally decided that at a late hour they would descend from their tower and creep into the enchanted court. By the weird light of their lantern the twelve brothers moved slowly toward the Hall of the Abencerrages. As the watch tower struck midnight they entered the moonlit chamber. The murmuring



fountain, glistening with its jewels, was not plainly in view. One by one the brothers began to pry the costly stones.

Suddenly the earth trembled, and out of the fountain appeared an immense figure. A deep silence followed. Then the spirit spoke:

"I am the genie of this magic fountain. You have no right to intrude on the secret of the spirits. As your punishment you will remain forever, in the form of lions, to guard the mysterious fountain of the Alhambra."

A thundering roar followed and the genie disappeared, and with him the twelve princes.

To this day the Lion Fountain is known as one of the beauties of the Alhambra. Famous are the twelve lions supporting the fountain, who still guard the magic formula, as they will forever more, until the magic spell is broken.

CONSTANCE ROBINSON, *Low Eight*.

### *Becky*

*The Spring has come, the violets bloom,  
There's sunshine everywhere;  
Except, my dear, that little spot  
Where sits our Becky's chair.*

*That little chair is empty, now,  
And seems to miss dear Beck  
As there it stands so all forlorn  
So unable to forget.*

*But, oh, my dear, I know that we  
Won't ever quite forget,  
Those sad, yet happy, days we spent,  
With our sweet and loving Beck.*

GLADYS PINGREE, *High Eight*.

### EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

When the Empress of Britain, on its maiden voyage around the world, stopped for a few days in the harbor of San Francisco, I had the privilege and pleasure of going aboard this palatial vessel.

Once you entered the main foyer, you immediately forgot you were aboard a ship floating on the water, though there was an unconscious sense of an almost imperceptible rise and fall of its huge bulk on the rhythmic swells of the vast Pacific which had stolen through the Gate. All about you was the hustle and bustle of a modern hotel. Immaculate, uniformed bell boys scampered here and there paging Lady Montmorency-Barnes or Lord Hammersley. At one side, in the center of the foyer, elevators were busily speeding upward with guests in street attire returning from a day's visit to the sights of the city, or descending and discharging aristocratic personages formally dressed for dinner. Nattily uniformed

officers, whose rank is indicated by the number of gold bars on their sleeves or by the impressive insignia on their jaunty, stiffly starched caps, pleasantly greeted arriving and departing guests.

After gazing through the opened doors into the spacious glass domed dining-salon with its dimmed lights, snowy table-linen, glittering crystal ware, and burnished silver, we ascended the wide, deeply carpeted stairs to the luxurious lounge. Heavy overstuffed furnishings and delicate penciled etchings on paneled walls, shelves lined with modern books, and an inviting glow from a central fireplace, seemed conducive to a languorous restfulness which almost invited us to remain.

But our thoughts were intrigued by the silver moonlight which we knew to be bathing the gleaming white promenade decks which graced the highest reaches of the ship, and we climbed the narrow circling stairway to find a nook in a bend of the rail where, leaning back in a deep steamer chair, we had a sweeping view of a vast expanse of twinkling lights deeply reflected in the intervening water which represented our fair city of San Francisco. As we watched, the lights seemed to fade, the moonlight dimmed, and we drifted off on a cruise of foreign waters on the largest and most beautiful ship ever to enter San Francisco Bay.

JANE ARMITAGE, *Low Nine*.

### *One Dark Night*

*"Just let me wet my whistle, boys,  
And I'll tell about the sea."  
That's what old Tom the sailor  
Would often say to me.*

*In nearly all the tales he spun  
He figured pretty high.  
He told us that his slogan was  
Never to say die.*

*One night he told a bloody one,  
And didn't leave 'till late.  
All fence posts seem'd black pirates.  
His bold whistle did abate.*

*Ghosts peeked at him through rustling leaves,  
His hair began to rise.  
His gate moaned like a long lost soul,  
His tree took ghostly guise.*

*And let me tell you, after that  
Dark night, four weeks to date,  
When e'er he told a bloody one  
He never came home late.*

ROBERT CONNELL, *High Nine*.



## A WILD RIDE

One day while riding my bicycle, I was toiling up a small hill lined with trees. Going too near the edge of the road, and being less fortunate than other wayfarers who had traversed it, my head hit a hornet's nest which everybody before me had avoided. The angry hornets, milling about me, helped me increase my speed considerably. I topped the hill and started down the other side, a long, steep incline with a sharp turn at the bottom. About half way down, I found that the hornets had given up the chase, but on attempting to slow down, I discovered something that didn't add to my peace of mind. My brakes were useless.

Faster, faster, and ever faster! The wheels were just hitting the high spots by this time.

Near the bottom I reconciled myself to the fact that I could never turn the corner. I hit a ditch at the other side of the road with tremendous impact. The bike stopped but I didn't. I sailed through the air for several yards and landed on my nose right on a hill of red ants, much to their disgust for they were in the act of having their afternoon tea.

As you may imagine, I reached home broken in spirit as well as in body.

KENT HARMON, *High Nine*.

## Round Up

*Stir of the cattle in the early morning,  
Neigh of the horses grazing in the pasture;  
Crackle of the cheering campfire,  
Smell of coffee boiling in a can,  
Cigarette smoke curling upward in the air;  
Cowboys gathered, shiv'ring round the blaze before the Round up.*

*Cattle gathered, buddled in a group,  
Horses lying in the cool prairie grass;  
Clink of spurs and harnesses,  
Hungry cowboys eating round the fire,  
Hot, dusty, sweat running down shining foreheads;  
Turning in under a clear starry sky after the Round up.*

PATRICIA DANFORTH, *Low Nine*.

## THE JAPANESE HAIKU

A popular form of poetry among the Japanese is what is known as the "haiku." This type of poem is made up of three lines—in the Japanese—consisting of lines of five, seven and five syllables, which, when translated into English, have two lines. These poems have neither rhyme nor meter, but in the original they are very musical and as exact in form as the sonnet. The Japanese words translated into English letters would look like this in Haiku:

*Tsurigani ni  
Tomarititi nemuru  
Kocho kane*

and, in English, would be as follows:

*"Upon the temple bell  
A butterfly is sleeping well."*

The Japanese are very fond of nature for their subjects, the moon, in particular. They will climb mountains for a view of the snow; listen to frogs' songs; and do many other things which would seem queer to us, for inspirations for their "haikus." Two of the most popular ones are:

*The moon in the water was broken and broken  
And yet it was there again.*

—CHOSU.

*My storehouse having been burned down  
Nothing obstructs the view of the bright moon.*

—MASAHIDE.

Some "haikus" written by Garfield students follow:

*Pray, what should I be sad about  
When all Spring's children are in Bloom?*

—ELLEN VAUGHN.

*The fire-like dragon crept nearer,  
Showing his sword-like teeth.*

—ELLEN VAUGHN.

*Delicate snowflakes covered the rocky hills,  
A blanket of white from the heavens.*

—ELLEN VAUGHN.

*All trees are lovely in the spring,  
But oh, the cherry trees.*

MARY MATHER.

*A soft moonbeam sheds its light among the trees,  
Now the moon is risen from its cloudy bed.*

—BETTY BERGER.

*With the coming of the cherry blossoms,  
My fondest dream comes true.*

—BARBARA HALL.

*A full moon,  
Water lilies stand white against black waters.*

—BARBARA NICHOLS.

*A silvery moon burst forth from the clouds,  
And the world was showered with brilliance.*

—ANN SKILLMAN.

*The ancient hills!  
They fade away!—Night.*

—DALLAS NOBLE.

*A moon, a star, a sail,  
A fishing boat, a port, a sale.*

—PAUL STOUT.



## THE PARENT'S DILEMMA

This story is of a young boy of eight years. His name is Robert Alexander Wimpleton Wembleson. He was a very peculiar child. Mrs. Wembleson had written famous psychologists and had them come to see him. But they all pronounced the case hopeless. This was the case. Robert had a very large imagination and a great amount of vitality. From the time he was four years old he said he was going to be a doctor and no matter what toy he played with he was always a "doctor." Mrs. Wembleson thought his thoughts should be more varied and she was a tiny bit scared he would "doctor" the younger children.

Now to get to the story. It was a Saturday evening and Mr. and Mrs. Wembleson were drinking their tea at table. Rob was standing in the middle of the living room staring absently at the floor. For a second he gazed listlessly around the room. His eyes fell on the sofa. Rob straightened up and started one of his imaginary scenes. Approaching the chesterfield he said, "Good evening, my dear Mrs. Oochie. What is wrong with you today? Oh! Your heart is pumping too hard? Well, do not breath so fast then. Your back hurts? Tch! Tch! Sounds like 'pendics. Well, the only thing to do is to find out." Saying this he opened his pocket knife and thrust it in the neck of Mrs. Oochie, ripping her whole front open. Young Robert took a good handful of sofa stuffing out and took it over to the light. "Uh huh! Just as I thought. These are 'pendics I took out." Going over to the patient he said, "How are you feeling now? Your big toe itches? Dear me! Sounds like mosquito-e-itas. I'll give you a pill that'll stop that." Rob put a broken crayon in the sofa opening. The angry voice of Mr. Wembleson is heard from the living-room door, "Young man! What are you doing?" "Mrs. Oochie's been having nervous breaks an—" Again the angry father spoke, "I'm going to pun—"

Mrs. Wembleson enters. "Jim, Jim, such psychology! The child meant well. You might break his spirit."

"Oh, phooey on the spirit! We're supposed to smile I suppose while he ruins our furniture?"

"But Miss Anderson, the famous child psycho—"

Mr. Wembleson stomps out of the room waving his arms hopelessly in the air. Then the worried mother announced, "Come, Rob; your bath is ready."

"But mother! Mrs. Oochie's stumuchs open! In any case do doctors take baths?"

"Why of course!"

"You know ma, I don't think a doctor's job is so hot."

"That's what I've been telling you all along. What do you want to be now, my darling boy?" asked the mother eagerly.

With a decided expression on his face Rob answered, "A butcher!"

DOROTHY ANN MELVILLE, *High Nine*.

## TWILIGHT FALLS

The beautiful sunset colors fade slowly into twilight. The last call of a mourning dove to his mate falls on my ear. A little bat flits past my face. The quail twitter softly in the underbrush. I sit up in my bed and watch the stars come out, one by one. The gnarled old oak trees with their trailing Spanish moss are silhouetted against a large, round harvest moon, climbing into the heavens from the east. Over the dark hillside the coyotes start a bark and howl in their weird, lonesome way and a deer stumbles and crashes through the chaparral. The trees sigh and murmur as a faint breeze drifts through them. I drowse into slumber; a lone hoot of a little screech owl floats up from the creek; silence prevails.

BETTY HAMMERLY, *High Nine.*

### *The Rest of a Man of War*

*With a teak wood base  
And an oaken frame  
Plus wings of lace  
All red with flame.*

*Here was a skipper wise,  
Sea going men her crew;  
There on the bay she lies,  
A speck on the water blue.*

*But never more will she venture  
From that bay of rest,  
For that is the way of nature  
To take from the strong and best.*

HINSDALE LATOUR, *Low Eight*

### *Pueblo Sunrise*

*When the sun comes up o'er the mesa,  
And the stars have left the sky,  
The surrounding hills reflect the light,  
As if from a fire on high.*

*When the sun comes up in the valley,  
The grass seems to tremble with life.  
The shepherders wake to graze their flocks,  
For the plains with sheep are rife.*

*When the sun comes up in the canyon,  
The wind blows strong and free.  
The pinyon trees watch the sandy wash  
Flow onward to the sea.*

ELIZABETH SAUER, *Low Nine.*



### ***Sonnet: The Lone Cypress***

*Alone and silent,  
Stands haughty and proud  
In its bleak garment like a shroud  
The Cypress, grievous and repentant.  
Cold and dreary  
On a jutting crag stands  
Imbedded in rocks and sands  
The Cypress, forlorn and weary.  
Apart from the shore  
Gaunt, like a ghost, it raises  
Its grizzly arms in mute appeal.  
No help cometh. A branch is torn, for  
'Tis the heart of it, flung to the foam. The Cypress gazes  
Hideous and deathlike, it withers and congeals.*

PATTY JANE PARRISH, *Low Nine.*

### ***At Evening***

*I sat in my window at sunset,  
When the sky was a beautiful gold,  
Watching the ships silhouetted  
Against the mountains, bold.  
Where are they going, I wondered?  
Are they sailing to foreign ports?  
What are their cargoes composed of?  
Is it lumber, cotton, or quartz?  
Are they sailing to England, or China?  
Will their next port be France?  
Will they return with a precious cargo?  
Of silks or perfumes, perchance?  
I'd like to sail on a ship some day,  
Our through the Golden Gate,  
And visit foreign countries,  
But I guess I'll have to wait.*

PEGGY ANN ZOLL, *Low Seven.*

### **ESSAY CONTEST**

During Clean-up Week, May 14-19, the Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored an essay contest. The essay was to be based on what the student thought of Clean-up Week.

Of the three winners two were Garfield students, John Brenneis, High 8, and Marjorie McKee, Low 9.

The winning essays were read over KRE and to the Commons Club.

Congratulations to John and Marjorie for bringing honor to themselves and their school.

HOWARD COOK, *High Eight.*

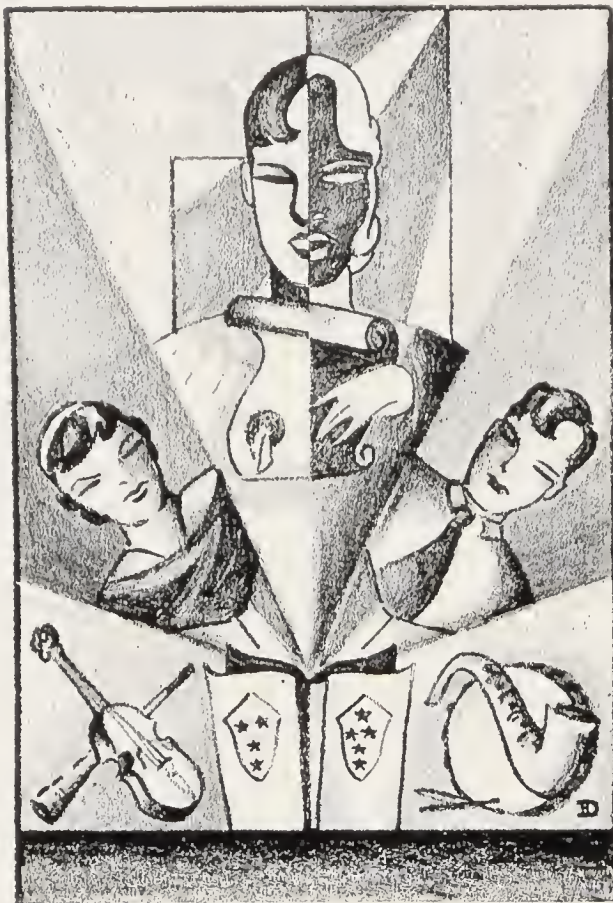
## CIRCUS DAYS

- January 8—World Famous Garfield Circus arrives at Rose and Grant Streets, Berkeley! Wild animals corraled in auditorium during erection of tents!
- January 22, 23, 24—Troupers move into tents and the Big Show is ready to begin.
- January 30—All Berkeley teachers arrive to visit our tent city. Please do not feed the animals!
- February 14—Valentine dance in gym. Many wee Scrublets litter up the floor! Quick, Henry, the Flit!
- February 20 and 21—Patriotic shows in auditorium.
- February 23 and 24—P.T.A. benefit show at United Artists Theater, "I Am Suzanne" and "Massacre."
- March 2—Garfield puts on Community Chest benefit show.
- March 5—Report cards! Much growling and gnashing of teeth among the animals!
- March 7—Lunch wagon opens. Chicken pie!
- March 9—Dance in gym. Elephants and hippopotamuses (or hippopotami or sumpin') tread lightly on one another's toes.
- March 16—Laurel and Hardy comedy in the auditorium.
- March 21—Mrs. Dyson's big sideshow, "As You Like It."
- March 23—"Ladeez and gentlemen! Step right this way for the big show, "Sidewalks of New York." See Mrs. Schwimley's trained seals in action."
- March 24 to April 2—Spring holidays.
- April 6—Mrs. Bagnall's big sideshow, "Midsummer Night's Dream."
- April 20 and 21—Dads of Garfield present "Buxom Buccaneers" in the auditorium.
- April 23 to 27—Public Schools Week.
- April 24—Garfield radio broadcast. Sweet melodies on air!
- April 26—Music programs and band and orchestra concerts on the bleachers.
- April 30—Report cards *again!!!*
- May 2—Heap big Wild West Show in auditorium put on by Chief and Mrs. Eagle Wing. Ugh! Ugh!
- May 4—Gleaner campaign begins.
- May 9—High 9 Honor Society Banquet. Sophisticated (?) High 9's relax into childish gambols in the gym.
- June 11—"Autograph my Gleaner, please."
- June 13—Class Day, the beginning of the end. Ringmaster Hennessey runs around in circles with dark circles under his eyes.
- June 14—Graduation Day. High 9's say goodbye to Garfield Circus life in the morning and celebrate at their party in the afternoon.
- June 15—Extry!! Extry!! Wild animals escape into wilds of North Berkeley, not to be recaptured until next September!

MARJORIE MCKEE, *Low Nine*.



# MUSIC



## MUSIC DAY

Thursday, April 26 of Education Week was set aside as Music Day. The Music Department gave an entertaining program of both vocal and instrumental numbers. The ninth grade program follows:

A Reed Ensemble made up of: John De Lancie, oboe; Ruth Cohen, clarinet; Kent Harmon, bassoon; Albert Huber, flute; Allen Roger, first clarinet; Kenneth Coates, melophone. Their selection was the "German Dance."

Vocal solos by: Janice Gray, "Little Boy Blue"; Marshall Tune, "Children of Men"; Marian Borden, "Mammy's Lullaby"; Patty Jane Parrish, "My Old Bayou"; Bill Jackman, "I'll Take You Home Kathleen"; Allen Sugden, "Bells

of the Sea"; Barbara Campbell, "When I Was Seventeen"; Reginald Valencia, "Song of Songs"; Sheila Chandler, "A Brown Bird Singing"; Herbert Otteson, "Dusty Shoes."

A girls' double quartette sang "Amaryllis" and a boys' quartette, "Climb Up, Chillum, Climb."

Alternating throughout the morning, the other grades gave equally interesting programs.

In the afternoon the Band and Orchestra rendered some pleasing selections. They were followed by the A Cappella Chorus and the Boys' and Girls' Glee Club which brought the day to a close with several harmonious numbers.

VYELAINE CUNNINGHAM, *High Nine*.

## BOYS' GLEE CLUB

This term the Boys' Glee Club had from sixty to sixty-five members. It has sung for the P. T. A., on the bleachers, at the Women's City Club, and at the University Christian Church.

Sincere gratitude is expressed to Mrs. R. Bruce, who has been the Boys' Glee Club accompanist this term, and also to Mrs. O'Neill, who is their leader.

MURIEL BURROWS, *High Nine*.

## A CAPPELLA

Although the A Cappella has received many invitations to sing this term, it has not been able to accept them all. Its first appearance was at the Berkeley Women's City Club, and since then, it has sung at the Veteran's Memorial Hall, on our bleachers, and for the P.T.A. A party was held by the A Cappella on May 28, at Hinkel Park.

MURIEL BARROWS, *High Nine*.





## THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club has done much this year under the able leadership of Mrs. Pearl White.

They sang for the Garfield P. T. A., the Thousand Oaks P. T. A., Calvary Presbyterian Church and for American Education Week.

A party was given to finish the year's work.

It's a very fine organization and it is hoped they will continue their good work.

CHARLOTTE BADGER, *High Nine*.





## THE INSTRUMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS

Under the able direction of Mr. Minzyk, the Band and Orchestra have made exceptional progress this year.

The Band, about fifty-five in number, and the Orchestra, fifty in number, played out on the bleachers as a part of the Garfield Music Day program, on April 26, during National Education Week. The Orchestra's last appearance will be on Graduation Day when they play for the Graduation exercises. They will play three marches, the Festival March, by C. M. von Weber, A Jolly Scout, by Irving Cheyette, and True Pals, by Stan Thornton.

The Woodwind Ensemble was heard at the Eastern Star lodge on April 23. It is composed of two clarinets, one oboe, one flute, one bassoon and one melophone.

All the instrumental organizations offer their hearty thanks to Mr. Minzyk for his excellent leadership. KENT HARMON, *High Nine*.

## DRAMATICS IN GARFIELD

Among the plays presented this term were a scene from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," and two original plays, by Mrs. Dyson's High Nine English classes. The actors in the Shakespeare scene gave an outstanding performance.



The two original plays, "Ink and Injury" and "We Hope You Like It," were well done. The authoresses, Mary Dean Macfarlane and Betty Eveland, respectively, acted in their own plays.

Eileen Parke gave a monologue written by Doris Kimball. Peggy Barkimer did a tap dance. An Elizabethan dance was done by Margery Jeans, Warner Graig, Marjorie Butler, Reginald Valencia, June Hamilton, and Ronald Hanon.

Shakespeare's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" was given by Mrs. Bagnall's High 9 English class. It was the first time she produced the whole play using only one class, and it was a complete success. Ed de Lanoy did the bulk of the comedy work excellently.

Mrs. Kleeberger's High 9 advanced Spanish class gave a play in Spanish, attended by the High 9 second term Spanish class.

Another benefit program was the vaudeville show which included skillful impersonations of different teachers and of Mae West and Jean Harlow.

Mrs. Gavin's advisory presented an excellent program for Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. ROBERT CONNELL, *High Nine*.

## MUSIC

To me the most wonderful thing in life is music. It is wonderful for man or woman to put into music all the emotions of life.

Some composers can make you see the loveliness of the country, with a winding stream and water running over a moss covered bank. Other composers can make you see the horrors of war, the marching of soldiers leaving their wives and babies at home.

Our music of today can make you see people having a good time, young people dancing to the happy tunes, not caring whether they get home or not.

The negro music can make you see a very beautiful picture, a lot of little negroes with their mammy sitting on the steps of their cabin, singing as if their hearts would break.

I wish more people were able to wash away the troubles of everyday life with music. DAISY SCHNEITER.

## THE GARFIELD DADS' CLUB

The Garfield Dads' Club has been especially active this year, having a theatre party at the beginning of the term and their annual dramatic production, given April twentieth and twenty-first, "The Buxom Buccaneers."

The Orchestra, of talented Garfield Dads, helped make the whole performance very enjoyable.

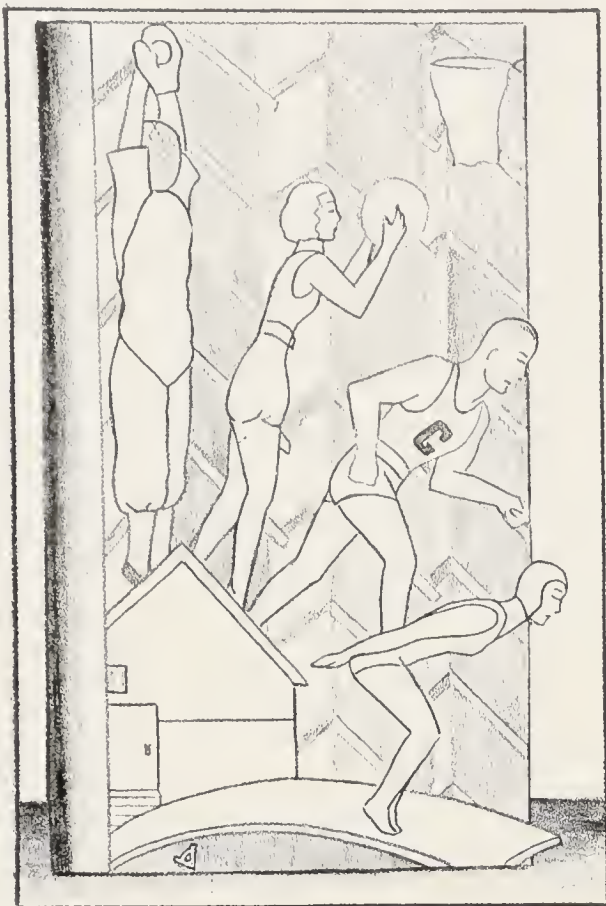
The proceeds will be used for emergencies arising out of the tent situation.

Much credit is due to our Garfield Dads' Club for the wonderful program and for the many instances on which their aid has been greatly appreciated.

The officers for this year are: President, Mr. P. S. Williams; Vice-President, Mr. O. F. Schuchard; Secretary, Mr. J. J. Weyand, and Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Ray. CHARLOTTE BADGER, *High Nine*.



# ACTIVITIES



## SCOUTING AT GARFIELD

Despite the general mixup, the Garfield Dads' Club has continued to sponsor the three Boy Scout troops of Garfield.

Troop 24 activities this term have included the annual meeting, held at Willard School cafeteria, where 110 scouts, parents, and friends had dinner, followed by a court of honor. Three former boys of Garfield, Edward Stoeckle, Niel Marshall, and Douglas Elliot were awarded the Eagle rank.

In February the troop participated in the Merit Badge Exhibit, where they received the highest award of A rating for their exhibit on painting.

May 5th and 6th three of the patrols entered in the Camporee to receive A rating and a chance to compete in the Camporall at Stockton.

Following this the troop held its annual Mothers' Night where the mothers were served a dinner cooked by the scouts.

As this goes to press, many of the troops' boys will have earned a two weeks vacation trip to Wolfboro with their scoutmaster, Mr. Flanders.

Troop 28, led by Mr. Leland, assisted by Mr. De Pue and Beverly Blanks, opened their year by having an annual dinner. This was followed by winning A rating in the Merit Badge Exhibit for their booth on angling.

During the middle of May a Mothers' Day program was given at the school cafeteria, the food being cooked by the patrols.

Through a bit of bad luck, only one patrol was able to enter in the Camporee, but by winning the A rating it will compete with other patrols from all of Northern California.

The semester was ended by an enjoyable three-day hike to Clear Lake.

And so the Dads' Club, by giving these boys the chance to gain the opportunities of Scouting, is making better citizens of these men of tomorrow.

HOWARD COOK, *High Eight*.

## THE HEAD BANKERS OF GARFIELD

The two boys who are in charge of the Garfield Banking for this term are Roy Clausen and John Jahn.

Their duties are to help the representative from the bank enter the accounts into the bank books, to collect and distribute the bank envelopes, and to try to locate the missing ones.

ELIZABETH SAUER, *Low Nine*.

## THE HONOR SOCIETY

The total enrollment of the High Nine class this term is 221. Of this number, 103 are in the Honor Society; 24 of these have been in as long as they have been eligible, five terms.

### Five Star Group

Charlotte Badger, Edward de Lanoy, Betty Lou Howard, Laurie Pilling, Patsy Williams, Katherine Mead, Edna Carlson, Robert Connell, Dorothy Barton, Lucy Malcolm, Doris Kimball, Jean Eisenhower, Molly Moser, Esten Ray, Carlton Stewart, Barbara Chase, Mary Macfarlane, Geraldine Young, Rosemary Ellis, Patricia MacCaughey, Bob Doane, Mary Jane Hugel, Charlotte White, Ruth Dibble.

### Four Star Group

Sue Linscott, Dorothy Neiderholzer, Patrick Goldsworthy, June Hamilton, Elizabeth Hugel, Mary Lou Porter, Carl Wilson, Warner Craig, Kent Harmon, Docia Blackledge, Betty Eveland, Marybelle Rocca, Dorothy Scott, Caroline Nosler, Webster Winans, Alan Krieger, Dorothy Melville, Vyelaine Cunningham.

### One, Two, and Three Star Groups

George De Kay, Margery Jeans, Beverly Webb, Helen Berds, Mary Beth Holland, Jane McGlynn, Eileen Parke, Audrey Ellis, Bob Hamilton, Marjorie Butler, Jane Weller, Jean Wilkie, Leo Frick, Geoffrey Beresford, Claire Gillick, Mildred Plummer, Margery Churchill, Masaka Mitsuyasu, Carolyn Don, Betty Hammerly, Yaho Yamaguchi, Evelyn Murphy, Ruth Asbury, James Bever, Gertrude Eperson, Dorothy Hitchcock, Ruth Hurt, Robert Nichols, Sylvia Samuely, Fumiko Sato, Wanda Schroer, Reginald Valencia, Lydia Wene, Mary White, Allison Hudnut, Edith Lane, Eleanor Marquand, Ruth Mervin, Jane Walker, Marsden Manson, Audrey Wilson, Jayne Chapman, Fern Mauzy, Milton Cunha, Jack Pugh, Catherine Sutherland, Aureba Johnson, Bill Grannell, Bernice Lindquist, Helen Erikson, Muriel Burrows, Daisy Schneider, Betty Null, Jane Ray Vaughan, Jeanette Kelly, Jane Harris, Tom Yook Funn, Marion Gabbert, Margery Gengler, Florence Jennings, Margaret Reader, Paul Jones.

CATHERINE MITCHELSON, *Low Nine*.

## CAMPFIRE GIRLS AND GIRL SCOUTS

There is a large number of Campfire Girls and Girl Scouts in Garfield.

The Campfire groups have been active this past term, and have been very successful in making candy sales to raise funds for their groups.

Troop one, the Marines, and the Sea Scouts are some of the Girl Scout troops in Garfield. One of the troops meets at the Calvary Presbyterian Church under the leadership of Mrs. Bee Callow and Mrs. Sayles Lent. They have been making star charts and raffia and reed baskets. During Easter vacation they spent a day at Camp Agnes Moody.

Any girl who is interested and would care to join either of these groups would certainly enjoy their activities and good fellowship.

MARJORIE ROEHM, *Low Nine*, Miss Martin.



## JUNIOR TRAFFIC POLICE

This semester the Garfield Junior Traffic Police force is divided into three divisions, one for Jefferson School and two for Garfield. The Jefferson division didn't serve very long because of the change of schools. Each of the two Garfield divisions serve half a semester. Each division is divided into two squads, one for morning and one for afternoon. The members of a squad are a sergeant, two corporals and two officers. Over all is a top-sergeant. There are about forty boys on the Garfield force.

The Garfield Traffic Police have served at theaters and the Berkeley Children's Pet Show.

In reward for their services, each boy is given a show pass.

KENT HARMON, *High Nine*.

## OFFICE AND LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

The pupils who have worked in the office, in the Lost and Found, and have helped with the mimeograph are: Jack Temple, Roger Davidson, Miriam Borden, Betty Lou Howard, Miriam Bronstein, Ruth Dibble, Alan Krieger, Geraldine Scheibner, Lorene Turner, Marybelle Rocca, Docia Blackledge, Mary Lou Porter, Sarah Allen Mitchel, Harry Graham, Helen Weyand, Lillian Erickson, Bob Hoffman, Marjorie Butler, June Hamilton, Lily Mabey, Virginia White, Lydia Wene, Catherine Mitchelson, Gordon West, Lorraine Scott, Herbert Ewing, Donald Tewkesbury.

The pupils among the following who have done satisfactory work in the library will receive *one point* for the Honor Society: Carol Applebe, Nancy Anne Bailey, Phyllis Bass, James Blakeman, Barbara Chase, Doris Coulter, Betty Jane Elster, Lillian Erickson, Charles Harrington, Elleo Hittell, Margaret Irvine, Susan Marx, Marjorie McConnell, Madeleine Minturn, Isabel Morrison, Caroline Nosler, Betty Null, Jean Rex, Lorraine Scott, Devin Taber, Helen Tonkin, Elizabeth Turner, Helen Weyand, Betty Berger.

ELINOR SKIMMINGS, *Low Nine*.

## A Letter to a Garfield Teacher

1751 Hopkins Street,  
Berkeley, California,  
January 10, 1934.

Dear Miss Gay: Here are some notes taken from my diary of January 8 to January 10, that may be of interest to you:

"January 8, 1934.

"The first day of school life! When I arrived at the playground, all the children's faces were aglow with excitement and a buzz of conversation was heard here and there. Soon there was a hurry and scurry to the auditorium where the new advisors were to be assigned. Of course you can imagine how miserable I felt when the dreaded homework was given. Although the homework was very disappointing, I am glad to have the chance to make new friends and meet new teachers.

"January 9, 1934.

"I spent a wonderful morning in leisure today as school did not start until later. We were rushed in and out of the building within forty-five minutes so there isn't much to tell. I will describe the changes during the last few weeks. One sunny day last week I was amazed to see that the bungalows traveled from their old position to a point east of the building—and what a difference. Day by day more tents pop up on the playground. I am curious to find what they plan to do to the lower field. Every day men have been mysteriously digging. Perhaps soon I will know.

"January 10, 1934.

"I romped and had a glorious time in the out-of-doors until eleven o'clock, the time for school to start. This morning I had the pleasure of meeting my English teacher, Miss Whitney. As usual the roll was called and homework given. All children who took typing were let out early, I being among the fortunate. Perhaps tomorrow will bring new excitement, so I have only to wait."

I am sure, Miss Gay, that you do not know how anxious I am to start school life under the big top. It is fun to be educated by correspondence, but I hope we will soon meet and like each other. Your friend,

CONSTANCE ROBINSON, *Low Eight.*

## THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

As in former terms, the meetings of the Garfield Parent-Teacher Association, held for the purpose of bringing the parents into closer contact with their children's school activities and their instructors, have been of great interest during this past semester, Spring 1934.

Entertaining programs have been arranged for the monthly meetings by the Program Chairman, Mrs. John R. McKee. Among those who have been guest speakers are: Dr. Virgil Dickson; Mr. Otis Marston; the City Manager, Mr. Hollis R. Thompson; and Mrs. Paul Eliel, President of the Board of Education. There have been active discussions and the Glee Club have sung.

The officers of the P.T.A. are as follows:

President . . . . .	Mrs. Frank H. De Pue
Vice-President . . . . .	Mrs. John R. McKee
Recording Secretary . . . . .	Mrs. C. O. Bruce
Financial Secretary . . . . .	Mrs. R. C. Noble
Corresponding Secretary . . . . .	Mrs. E. H. Siegrist
Treasurer . . . . .	Mrs. C. I. Hamilton
Historian . . . . .	Mrs. Ward Hall
Parliamentarian . . . . .	Mrs. M. E. Morrison
Auditor . . . . .	Mrs. L. B. Blackledge

PATTY JANE PARRISH, *Low Nine.*





SCENES FROM THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP AND SNAPSHOTS OF A TENT SCHOOL





## INTER SCHOOL GAMES

This year the girls of Garfield have challenged several of the schools to games, but unfortunately not all the schools could come and play.

The best game, though, was that of the high nines and the low nines. What a victory! CHARLOTTE WHITE, MARIAN BORDEN, *High Nines*.





GARFIELD ATHLETES





## BOYS' ATHLETICS

Due to school conditions, Garfield's athletic program could not be up to the standard of past years. We could not have our regular Junior High School leagues with Burbank, Edison, or Willard. We had contests with Albany, Willard, Richmond, and Vallejo.

This season we have had good basketball teams. The lightweights won their series from Willard; the others lost their series from Richmond and were even up with Vallejo and St. Mary's. Next year's basketball teams will be better because many of the players will be here again next season.

We had good luck with baseball. Garfield won one game and lost one game to Willard. It lost the series to Richmond and was even up on Albany. There were close games with St. Mary's and Berkeley High School. Garfield entered four teams in the American Legion series. We hope they finish near the top of the league. The final game was with Tamalpais High.

Handball and tennis have been run as an inter-mural sport in physical education periods, the winners being selected for outside competition. In spite of staggered programs they have proven as popular as ever.

On account of the condition of the lower field we could not hold our



usual school-wide track meet. However, some of the events were held at the Berkeley High School track.

This semester for the first time in several years we have had a boys' crew. It has proven tremendously popular with the boys who tried out for it.

We are the only school in Berkeley that was able to carry on a full athletic program despite the many changes in schedule.

BILL GRANNELL.

## HEALTH AND SPORTS

I think health is one of the most important things in life. If you have health you have a head-start on lots of other people. If you ask for a job you have more chance of getting it because naturally you will be sure to be wide awake and ready to go. You also can enjoy life more and do more things.

Sport is one of the things I like most. It helps build my body and make me be on the alert. And every time I ring a couple of baskets or score a touchdown or hit a base hit, the thrill that I get will last me for days.

BILL MACDOUGALL, *Low Nine*.

## THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP

On Friday, May 18, and on Tuesday, May 22, the seventh grade presented a pageant called "The House of Friendship." This pageant was first given on National Goodwill Day, for the entire seventh grade, their parents, and friends. It was repeated Tuesday evening under the auspices of the American Legion Auxiliary.

Children of every nation, bringing their gifts, were represented.

The bright colorful costumes, the quaint customs, and general feeling of goodwill and friendliness appealed to every member of the audience, young and old.

During the intermissions the orchestra played several appropriate numbers.

An additional playlet, written by a high seven student, John Bogard, was also given. "The Kite Shop," a Japanese play, was given, and added an interesting feature to the program.

The pageant was presented under a project which is trying to promote national goodwill, peace, and friendship.

CAROLINE GREEN, *High Seven*.

*There was an old dame from Nantucket  
Who took up her mop and her bucket,  
She went to the King  
And said she would sing  
If she could give up her mop and her bucket.*

FRANK SWAIN.

# J O K E S

Miss Fisk: "Girls, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

Patsy Williams: "That depends on whose yard you go into."



Skeeter: "Why does the yell leader run from one side to the other?"

Buddie: "'Cause it makes him harder to hit."



"Black boy, me favver was so tough dat when dey wanted to harvest apples, he'd go out and look at de trees and, black boy, dose trees would be so 'fraid dat dey would shake de apples down."

"Dat's nuffin, niggah. My favver was tough. Why one day when it was 96 in de shade, my favver went out to look at the thermometer. Well, when my favver looked at dat thermometer de mercury got so scared dat it went down to 20 below zero."



Man (looking for a Smith in the telephone book): "Gosh, if Pocahontas hadn't taken the fatal step, we could carry a telephone directory in our vest pocket."



Minister: "Where do little boys, who play dice on Sunday, go?"

Bill: "In some alley."



The big surprise of the month was to the driver of one of those midget autos when he went into a tunnel in Los Angeles and came out a gopher hole in San Diego.



Mrs. Dyson: "Give me an example of the word *politics*."

Reginald V.: "Our parrot swallowed a watch the other day and now 'Polly-ticks.'"



John Moisan: "Time me around the track, will you 'Pete.'"

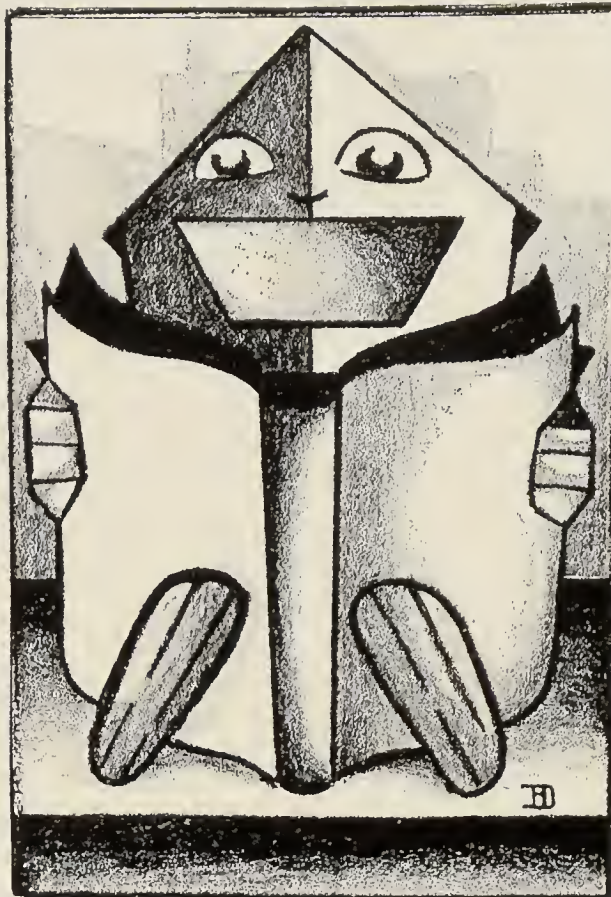
Mr. (Pete) Corley: "Sure; just wait till I get my calendar."



Preston Durley: "Mrs. Dyson, do you know the difference between a cat and a comma?"

Mrs. Dyson: "No, what is the difference?"

Preston Durley: "A cat has claws at the end of its paws, while a comma is a pause at the end of a clause."





Geo. Parrish (breathless to Miss Patton) : "I couldn't get here before, I've been taking the termite test."



What kind of a noun is trousers?

An uncommon noun, because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.



An economist is a man who knows a great deal about a very little; and who goes on knowing more and more about less, until he knows practically everything about nothing; whereas a professor is a man who knows very little about a great deal and keeps on knowing less and less about more, until finally he knows practically nothing about everything.



First Camper: "You woke me up out of a sound sleep."

Fellow Camper: "I had to. The sound was too loud."



Bill Jackman: "I always say what I think."

Joyce Kees: "I wondered why you were so quiet."



The youthful graduate from agricultural college looked rather scornfully at the old farmer.

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," he said, with a superior air. "Why, I'd be surprised if you got ten pounds of apples off that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer, "it's a pear tree."



Mrs. Russ (after erasing the decimal from a number) : "Now, where is the decimal point?"

Ronald Hannan: "On the eraser, Mrs. Russ."



The class in spelling was asked to state the difference between *results* and *consequences*.

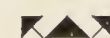
One bright little girl replied, "*Results* are what you expect and *consequences* are what you get."



Mr. Hughes: "What is electricity?"

Jack S.: "Er-Gosh, I knew but I forgot."

Mr. Hughes: "What do you think of that? The only man who ever knew what electricity is and he has forgotten."



"Maid: "The doctor is here, sir."

Absent minded professor: "Tell him to call next week, I'm too sick to see anyone today."



There was a prisoner who was brought to be hanged and as he was standing on the trap the warden asked him if he had anything to say.

The prisoner answered, "Keep your trap shut."

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Jack Waddel: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

Barbara Chase: "Why not rub some on your head, then."



Carlton Stewart: "I'm for a five-day week, how about you, Stan?"

Stanly Honor: "Man, I'm for a five-day week-end."



A young city girl was vacationing in the country and became friendly with a farmer's son. One evening as they were strolling in the pasture they saw a calf and a cow rubbing noses.

"Ah," said the boy, "I'd like to do the same."

"Well, go ahead, it's your cow."



Father, to son on his twenty-first birthday: "My son, you are now of age; I have given you a fine education and I think you should help me a little."

Son: "Yes, father. What can I do for you?"

Father: "You might help me to pay the last installment on your baby carriage."



"What was the last station we stopped at, Mother?"

"I don't know and don't bother me, I'm working a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, Mother, because Brother Oscar got off the train there."

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Mrs. Ginger: "Who are the new people who moved into the house across the street?"

Mrs. White: "I don't know, but I think their name is Pullman. I saw some towels hanging on their line that had that name on them."



Billy: "Mother, may I go to the zoo and see the monkeys?"

Mother: "Why Billy, what an idea! Imagine wanting to see the monkeys when your uncle is here!"



Long-winded Lecturer: "If I have talked too long it is because I have no watch and there is no clock in this hall."

Voice from the audience: "There's a calendar right behind you."

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Archie: I wonder why they say amen instead of "awoman"?

Bill: Because they sing hymns and not hers.



A military band was playing and Reginald had never seen a trombone player.

Reginald: (nudging another): Aw, you can't fool me, he doesn't swallow it every time.



Mrs. Bagnall (correcting papers): "The only satisfaction I get out of reading your writing on your examination papers is that mine is just as hard for you to make out."

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A bird in the hand is bad manners.



A city visitor from one of the windswept states gazed intently at the spiral fire escape that wound down the rear of a thirty-story building.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, "that must have been a mighty long ladder before the cyclone hit it."



Bob Hamilton: "Yes, I'm a great singer."

Audrey Ellis: "Where did you learn to sing?"

Bob Hamilton: "I graduated from a correspondence school."

Audrey Ellis: "You sure must have lost lots of your mail."

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Proud Father: "Don't you think it's about time the baby learned to say 'papa'?"

Mother: "Oh, no; I hadn't intended telling him who you are until he becomes a little stronger."



Mr. Justwed: "What did you do to this meat? It has such a peculiar taste."

Mrs. Justwed: "Oh, nothing. It did get a little burnt, but I fixed that—I applied Unguentine right away."



The customs official was asking the usual questions. "Anything to declare, Madam?"

"No," Marjorie Jeans replied, "not a thing."

"Then, Madam," said the official politely, "am I to take it that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"



Jack Tar had just arrived at the old home cottage after voyaging about for a number of years. "Well, Mother," he said heartily, "how did you like the parrot I sent you?"

"Well," said his old mother dubiously, "it was nice and plump, Jack, but my, it was tough."



Jane: "Well, what shall we do this evening?"

James: "Let's think hard—."

Jane: "No, let's do something you can do, too."

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Grandmother had finally yielded to the repeated urging of a grandson to accompany him on a test flight. Up and up they went until the youthful pilot leaned back and shouted: "Do you realize that we are up 17,500 feet?"

Oh, I don't mind that," she said bravely, "but don't you think it's cool enough so that you might turn off that fan?"

◆◆◆

Father: "Yes, my boy, I'm a self made man."

Son: "Gee, Pop, that's one thing I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything."

◆◆◆

Father: "I don't like to see our daughter light a cigarette."

Modern Mother: "Oh, don't be so old fashioned, John."

Father: "It isn't that. She's too young to be playing with matches."

◆◆◆

Mrs. Dyson: "An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known—who's that laughing in the class?"

Voice: "An anonymous person, Mrs. Dyson."

◆◆◆

Aunt Hetty: "Sakes alive, I don't believe no woman could ever be so fat."

Uncle Sy: "What y' reading now, Hetty?"

Aunt Hetty: "Why, this paper tells about an English woman that lost two thousand pounds."

◆◆◆

Two little boys had lemonade stands—one on each side of the door at a church party. The pastor came along and going up to George, said:

"Well, my litle man, how much do you charge for your lemonade?"

"Five cents a glass," replied George.

"And how much do you charge?" he asked, turning to Harry, who ran the competing stand.

"Two cents a glass," replied Harry.

The pastor cast a censorious eye upon George and said to Harry, "Ill try a glass of yours, my boy."

As he quaffed the fluid, he smacked his lips and said, "That's good, I'll have another glass," and he smiled when he thought he was getting two glasses at less than George asked for one.

"Tell me, my little man," he said to Harry, "how you can afford to sell your lemonade for two cents a glass when George is asking five cents?"

"Well, you see," said Harry, "the cat fell in my pail."

◆◆◆

Miss Mossman: "If your father had three-quarters of a pound of meat and a customer wanted a pound, what would your father add to it?"

Butcher's son: "A good size bone."

◆◆◆

"Have you an opening for a bright, energetic college graduate who can do anything?"

"Yes, and don't slam it as you go out."





